

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER,
OF
MEMOIRS
OF
GREGOIRE MERVEIL.

THE ADVENTURES

MEMOIRS

OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

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THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER;

OR,
MEMOIRS
OF

GREGOIRE MERVEIL,
MARQUIS D'ERBEUIL.

TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH OF M. ^KLE SUIRE.

Per varios casus, et tot discrimina rerum
Venimus.

Vinc.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
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P R E F A C E.

OUR hero is not a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, as the name we give him would seem to indicate: we call him *Adventurer*, because he meets with many adventures. This is what the Readers of Romances are most fond of. They seek these happy adventures with as much ardour as the ancient knights-errant; they above all love those which are relative to the amours of youth. We have thought we ought not to be
sparing

sparing of such ; for, in short, this sort of reading has generally no other object but simple amusement ; and we have principally had in view to procure some for those who will be so good as to read us. We shall perhaps be reproached that, among so many incidents, there are some incredible and extravagant. If we said that all we recount is true, but that truth is not always attended by probability, what answer would be made us ? However it may be, our *Memoirs*, with all their gaiety, or, if you please, their folly, will not perhaps be entirely devoid of utility. It would have been finer, without doubt, to have had a moral aim, and lead our
Reader

Reader to the attainment of virtue, by the road of pleasure; but that is the pinnacle of art. We shall perhaps dare to attempt, in time, so noble an effort. This essay will set us forward on our way. We have begun by what is most easy, in order to raise ourselves, soon after, to the most difficult style of writing. In the interim, we offer these few lines as our excuse and apology.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK I.

THE first moment of my existence that I recollect, is, I believe, the remotest period of my infancy. I lived in a splendid house; I was dressed as are children of the first distinction. I passed my days in the arms of a tall woman with a white apron, whom I named my nurse; and and then was taken to kiss a handsome lady, of a very florid complexion, whom I called mamma. I have only a

very faint remembrance of all this ; but it is not a dream.

One day a tall, thin man, to whom I gave the appellation of uncle, found me alone ; my nurse had imprudently left me, leaning against a chair, amusing myself with some toys she had placed before me. The tall man, enveloped in a scarlet cloak, came in, took me up in his arms, and carried me away. He covered me with his cloak ; I cried with all my might at seeing myself buried in all this drapery ; to appease me, he gave me some sweetmeats. I ate in silence, and suffered myself to be taken whither he chose. We arrived in a court through which there was no thoroughfare ; he then let me see day-light, put me into the hands of an old beggar-woman, gave her some money, and made off. The old hag hid me in her apron, and carried me to her miserable habitation. She put

put me upon a bedstead, where, after a violent fit of crying, I fell asleep.

One cannot always sleep. Although but an infant, I was forced to gain my own livelihood, and that of several others. They covered me with the appendages of misery, and led me to the *Pont-Neuf*. It was dreadfully cold. They laid me down upon a little straw, and the old miscreant, with the most hardened effrontery, asked charity for me, whom she affirmed to be her son. I passed my days in this piteous situation, and in the evening I received at her home an education, which I already found unworthy of me; they taught me to beg. Every time I saw a pretty woman pass in a carriage, I thought I perceived my former mamma, and I lavished on her that name, which I could not give to my execrable duenna. I produced a great deal to this step-mother,

because I had a remarkably pretty face, and when the profligate wretch did not think proper to go abroad herself, she let me out to gain bread for her infamous acquaintance.

Pining in this situation, I one day saw a lady, on foot, advancing towards me, with a grave and melancholy air, though she did not seem at all accustomed to walking; they failed not to present me to her compassion. Scarce had I got a glimpse of her face, before I threw my arms round her neck, crying out, "Mamma." I indeed knew her to be the one to whom I had formerly given that name, and whom they made me kiss, when I lived at the fine house from which I had been carried away. This lady at first draw back on seeing a little miserable wretch that wanted to embrace her; but the singularity of the adventure induced her to look at me, and casting on
me

me one glance of her eye, she recognized me. She raised me in her arms, and bathed me with her tears, without taking further notice of my miserable plight. “Ah !” cried she, “here’s my child !” The old vagabond made her escape. A hackney-coach was called, and I was quickly re-conducted to the hotel, where I was no sooner arrived, than I was stripped, washed, perfumed, and clothed in pretty little dresses of gold and silk. I leaped for joy ; my mother was still more transported than myself, she embraced me, she embraced all the world : “ ’Tis he himself,” said she ; “ see Madam, how charming he is ; every body would have known him again, even in his rags ; he had a certain air that nothing could hide.” They unanimously assented to these remarks ; they complimented her ; all the house was in transport ; all the apartments resounded with accents of joy.

joy. The young footmen embraced the ladies' maids; and the coachmen, undoubtedly, got drunk with the porter.

I had no cause to cry in reconciling myself to this new situation. There was brought almost every day to the house a little girl at the breast, whom they made me call my cousin, and whom I caressed with all my heart. The infant held me tight in her little arms, and it seemed as if my caresses entered her very soul. Our extraordinary and mutual attachment greatly amused the whole house, and me more than any body.

I was happy, without reflecting on it, or doubting it. This happiness, if it be one, was not of long duration. My mamma fell sick; they said she had an intermitting fever, and was frequently delirious. She had me often brought to her bed during her illness, and always embraced

embraced me for a long time together, shedding a torrent of tears.

It was probably in one of these instants in which her mind was not recovered from a fit that had bewildered it, that she made me undergo the operation I am going to describe.

One day, after having for a long time wept over me, she exclaimed in a transport of tenderness: "No, thou shalt be
" no longer exposed to the danger of
" losing thy existence, and I will leave
" thee incontestable marks of thy birth."
She then had me stripped by *Baptiste*, a servant in whom she placed great confidence, and they performed, under my arm-pit, an operation of which I understood nothing. They must certainly have imprinted something there, since they said, after the ceremony: "That is very well marked."

“If he be unfortunate,” said the sick lady, “I am not sorry that he be ignorant who he is: he probably will not go to look under his arm. What would he gain by knowing himself? He would only be the more miserable: but if he be in a situation worthy of himself, his attendants, in putting on his shirt, will be able to discover this mark, and instruct him of his birth. Had I but done as much to his brother!”

It was singular to apply these marks upon my body to order to make me known, and yet to conceal them from me. I stood more in need, I think, of seeing them when in misery, that they might procure me the means of rescuing me from it, than when I was in prosperity; but this idea, though apparently rational, partook, in some measure, of the situation of the sick lady.

I did

I did not then make all these reflections, I made none; I scarcely took notice of all this: I had perfectly forgotten it, I was then such a child! Some striking circumstances have since recalled it to my mind, without which it would never have again entered my thoughts.

I frequently saw, by my mamma's bedside, the tall man whom I had been taught to call my uncle, and whose unworthy conduct I had forgotten. She died shortly after; I do not recollect the circumstances of her death; it seemed as if all the world cried, and I cried in concert with many others.

A few days after, my uncle came and tore me from the arms of his little daughter *Julie* whom I so tenderly loved, and carried me away as he had done before, without this time regarding my cries. He took me again into a dark
B 5 alley,

alley, delivered me up to the old woman to whom he had before entrusted me, and disappeared. The wretch whipped me for having had the audacity to suffer myself to be known again, replaced my tatters upon me, carried me once more to the *Pont-Neuf*, and there compelled me to carry on the same trade as formerly. I was under the necessity of undergoing a cruel apprenticeship to re-accustom myself to it. However I soon forgot, as I had already done, my brilliant situation, and it again seemed to me as if I was born in that I was now in. Misfortunes, in time, have become to me more painful.

In the mean time this life was very disagreeable to me: I could not without repugnance survey the unworthy hovel of my step-mother; one object alone sometimes relieved it in my eyes; that was a very pretty, elegant young lady,

lady, rather a of superior style, who was, I believe, her daughter, and who came now and then to see us, well painted, patched and perfumed. With her diamonds and her dress she made a most dazzling appearance in this hideous asylum. I was the sole object she saw there without disgust. She sometimes condescended even to honour me with some caresses, which she always accompanied with some little present, and to me she appeared an angel. I am ignorant of what was her situation. Those who know how to expound enigmas, will perhaps be able to divine it.

I grew tall and began to be an errand-boy. (I would willingly have more brilliant beginnings to present to my readers; but if they be not elegant, at least they will be rapid.) I was every day obliged to bring all I earned to my pretended mother, who often beat me,

B 6

because

because she thought it too little. One evening after I was in bed, I heard her chatting with her husband. It is worthy of remark that they used to pass their nights either in drinking or fighting; I did not generally listen to their conversation; but that day, as they were speaking more than ordinarily low, they inspired me with the curiosity to attend to what they were saying; I lost not a single word.

“ ’Tis certain that he will run away from us before long,” said the man. “ If we were in Italy, we might make a penny of this little idle rogue, for he has a disposition for singing.” — “ And what should we do with him ?” said the woman. — “ Why zounds and death,” replied the husband, “ have you not seen the *Castratos* of the King’s Chapel ? They are big and fat as Canons of the Cathedral, but ’tis quite another

“another thing in Italy. If I was not
“really lame, as I am at present,” (for
it must be remarked that he had a long
while affected to be lame to attract com-
passion; but that a little time since, some
young rakes had made him so in good
earnest) “I would undertake to carry
“him to Rome: the operation does not
“cost much, and we should have a child
“that would sing as child never sang be-
“fore.” I had heard of this operation;
and though I was yet unacquainted with
all the injury it does to a man, I was
very much afraid of suffering it, especi-
ally when I heard my pretended father,
who, by his profession, performed it on
cats, say that he should himself be very
capable of performing it on me. “But,”
said my mother, “we have not the
“means of getting to Italy, and he will
“run away from us the first opportu-
“nity. The little droll begins to know
“that he earns what he will; and to be
“sure,

“ sure, he brings me every day a penny
“ more, for every knock of the broom-
“ stick that I give him above his allow-
“ ance. A thought just pops into my
“ head; we will make him a cripple,
“ but which of his limbs shall we
“ break ?” My father proposed a leg,
my mother an arm. The one said, that
with my legs I could run away, the
other that with my arms I could beat
them. I feared they would propose
breaking me a member of each sort.
They deduced their reasons with a
warmth and brutality that degenerated
into a violent battery, and while they
were disputing about which of my limbs
they should break, they mutually began
to break each other’s heads. I profited
of the moment of their quarrel to steal
away unperceived; fear made me run in
such a manner as to assure myself that I
had legs still : and I believe if any body
had been inclined to lay hold of me, for
to

to re-conduct me home, I should have made him feel that I had arms also.

I ran all night long, without knowing whither I was going; at break of day I found myself at *Saint Germain-en-Laye*, where I had nothing for breakfast, but the colours of Aurora, and the melody of the birds. What inspires a poet does not nourish a traveller; I was obliged to have recourse to the benevolence of passengers: and thanks to their generosity, I soon arrived at *Rouen*, where I entered into the service of a Quack, who had just built up, on the quay, a sort of wooden theatre, to sell his balsams, and represent his farces. He made me play all the parts that were within the compass of my abilities, and finding that I had some dispositions, I was well entertained, but I paid for it very dear. The brute tried on me all his remedies; he often made large incisions

cisions in me, in order to close them with his orvietan; he sometimes plunged my arm or my leg into boiling water, to cure me at his leisure of the scald. One day he made me swallow upon his theatre a most detestable poison. My body swelled, and I had like to have perished. He gave me an antidote of his own composition which saved my life, but made me suffer more than the poison itself. One must be sensible that this sort of life was not calculated to make me fat. I could no longer stay in such a house: I quitted it meager and naked, and I certainly carried away nothing.

Light as a butterfly, I roamed in different stations by land and by sea; in the first rank next the sailors in the fleets, in the first next the common soldiers in the armies; ship-boy or drummer, no matter, I was on the first step
of

of the ladder of fortune! Repulsed by Neptune and Mars, I entered at *Strasbourg* into a boarding-school for young gentlemen. An old foldier and sailor, but not yet ten years old, I was the sport of these youths. They were forbidden to play their pranks upon any body but me; the least of my misfortunes was being abandoned to them, for their diversion, as a little wretch; for it was thus they made bold to call me. I therefore became the object of all their unpunished insolences; I was beat for all the rich children, whom they spared and would not correct in person. If any of them had committed any folly, they said: "'Tis *Gregoire* who has done that, or is the cause;" and a cruel correction was inflicted on me without further enquiry.

I was rather particularly noticed by one *d'Orneville* a spoiled child, whose mother

mother took him away from the school; she took me home with him. He was cruel, and made me suffer much, although he liked me in his way. When he had been playing his tricks, I was flogged in his presence, in order to punish him, because he then appeared to be much affected. The young brute, on purpose that I might be the more frequently flogged, was guilty of all sorts of wicked pranks, and pretended to be exceedingly concerned at my sufferings. He howled louder than me during my punishment; they believed him to be very deeply shocked, and thought me superlatively happy in being loved to this degree by a young nobleman.

The sister of this worthless boy, a tall young lady, and quite pretty, pitied me, and took a kind of fancy to me. She had a sort of consideration for me, and looked upon me as above my age and

and condition. She used sometimes to say : " This child, when he becomes a man, will distinguish himself." When there was no company, I dined with her, and her brother. This gave me a certain consequence in the family, and I began to become something : but the thorns predominated above the roses, and I quitted this honourable and painful asylum.

I again went in quest of adventures, always reduced to the smallest subsistence. One day, extenuated with fatigue and want, I entered a village, near the country-seat of a nobleman who was coming along full speed. Necessity, which overcomes all scruples, forced me to get up on the step of his carriage to ask him for some relief, blushing all the time at this humiliation. I fell backwards. The coach went over my leg, which, happily, was only grazed. The nobleman,

nobleman, who was a tall, thin man, perceived my accident; he put himself into a terrible passion, with his coachman:—"Rascal," said he, "I'll have thee hanged! If he dies, I'll have him buried at thy cost." He would have alighted to run him through the body with his sword. During this spurt of rage, I lay sprawling on the ground. I was in pain; but I said to myself:—"Without doubt he will treat me well, since he appears so enraged at my misfortune." In the mean time he seemed disposed to go away without thinking of me. The curate, who happened to be upon the spot, took the liberty of approaching the carriage, to ask him what orders he would please to give concerning this little unfortunate.

"Me!" said the thin and hard-hearted man, "what would you have me do with a cripple? He cannot walk."

“walk.” “’Tis on that account, Sir,”
replied the curate, “that you are
“obliged in conscience to have him
“cured, and then to recompense him by
“some act of generosity.”—“What:”
said he. “Who has saddled this little
“vagabond upon me? What brought
“him here? Why did he seek his mis-
“fortune? Ought he not to be at home
“with his father? But he is a rogue,
“who perhaps wanted to rob me. Thou
“art very happy, little rascal, to have
“thy leg broke; but for that, I would
“have thee shut up in the prison of
“*Bicêtre*.”—“But yet, Sir,” rejoined
the curate, “one cannot suffer him
“to die without assistance. One must
“have pity on one’s fellow-creature.”
“One’s fellow-creature is very well
“where he is,” returned the nobleman;
then, after having mused a moment, he
said with an air of concern; “there is
“an hospital six miles off, let him go
“thither;

“thither; I authorize him to make use
“of my name.”——“But he cannot
“walk,” represented the pastor to him.
“Oh! let him crawl,” replied sharply
the rich unfeeling man, at the same in-
stant giving orders to drive on.

There was a German surgeon there,
who dressed my wound. He wished to
question me, but he had some difficulty
to express himself in French; I answer-
ed him in Latin; I had learned a little
in my academy at *Strasbourg*; he talked
to me in this language, and appeared
surprised at the knowledge I shewed of
it. The curate took a greater interest
about me, and had me carried home to
his house. I replied to all his questions
in a manner that pleased him. Honesty
was painted in his face, and his white
hair seemed to add to his dignity. He
found that I expressed myself in a man-
ner very much above my condition. I
related

related to him some of my adventures, which amused him. I did not mention the handsome lady, at whose house I had lived in my tenderest infancy, because I thought no more of that. It will be seen in the end what reminded me of that circumstance. The curate had me cured at his own house, which gave him time to know me. He conceived an affection for me, and when my health was re-established, he never enquired when I meant to leave him. This beneficent priest became my father; he cultivated my education, perfected me in Latin, instructed me in chanting the church service, and was charmed with the quick improvement I received from his lessons.

The Baron *de Noirville* (that is the name of this odious nobleman) piqued at seeing this honest ecclesiastic more generous than himself, delayed not to spread

spread a report that I was the fruit of the intrigue the pastor had had with a pretended niece, and that he had had brought up at the *Enfants Trouvés*, or Foundling-Hospital. This report gaining belief, in spite of the curate's good character, the nobleman, on that account, took authority to create him a thousand malicious embarrassments.—The good priest was very near losing his benefice. He attached himself the more warmly to me; I was so much the dearer to him, as I cost him more; and I must own that, on my part, I was very tenderly attached to him.

He one day had a quarrel with the wicked Baron, who said to him in a tone of reproach: "You have had a niece?"—"And you a nephew," replied he, "every body knows the reports that were spread." The Baron reddened, turned pale, and swore that he would never

never forgive him. I did not comprehend this discourse till several years after.

The first time I was able to go to church I saw this unworthy nobleman, who glanced at me a look the most inauspicious. I thought I found in him a likeness to somebody I had seen I knew not where. I returned him the wry face he made at me, and hated him as much as I was capable of hating any body.

But there was beside him a young person who chased from my heart every idea of hatred, to fill it with a sentiment more tender. It was a young lady, six or seven years old, handsome as an angel or a goddess; large black eyes, a little mouth, a complexion where lilies and roses were blended, hair of a bright chestnut, an elegant shape, an air of tenderness and gaiety, a *je ne sais quoi* which

belonged to her alone. All these advantages already rendered her adorable. She possessed every thing that was requisite to please me. It seemed that her image naturally filled my heart, and of itself coincided with all my sentiments. I devoured this little person with my eyes, and I thought I saw her regard me also with attention. The Baron might be as ugly as he pleased, I no longer perceived his existence. The wretch was however the father of this pretty child; when I learned this, I had some difficulty in believing that the mother of this handsome creature had been perfectly honest.

From this time I felt myself invariably attached to this village: it had before appeared to me too uniform for an adventurer whose life had till now been so diversified as mine; I had even formed projects for leaving it; I was now bent upon

upon contriving to stay in it, as long as it should be the abode of this lovely girl. I passed all the time of the service in gazing on her; our looks often met, and we blushed in concert. The mass was too soon over; I fancied I read a certain regret in the eyes of the beautiful *Julie*, which followed me by stealth. I found myself in the way to offer her holy water as she was going out. She received it with grace that entirely completed my defeat. I tried to set myself off in her good opinion by some feats which I thought heroic. On coming out of the church, I jumped from the top of a very high bank; though my leg was still very painful, to show her my agility; and in hopes of making her admire my courage, I on a very trifling occasion attacked a little boy, whom I thrashed completely. The dear girl lost nothing of these brilliant achievements; she appeared to applaud them, and I

believed myself a *Cæsar*. To join generosity to so many fine things, I gave a shilling to the conquered by way of indemnification; it was all my treasure. The little fellow told me I had the heart of a king, and we became friends.

I returned home to my Curate's, full of my *Julie*, I became thoughtful, and I found within me, from all the romances I had yet read, the symptoms of what is called love. This discovery gave me a certain consequence in my own eyes; I fancied myself a man, because I was attacked by a folly common to men. From that time I exerted every effort to insinuate myself into the house of my divinity, in spite of my aversion to her father. I at first made love in the Spanish way; I sang under my mistress's balcony, and had the pleasure to see that she came to her window whenever she heard me. I particularly repeated every evening a
new

new romance sufficiently affecting.—
Mademoiselle Julie retained some couplets of it, which she sang to her father: he was fond of old songs: this pleased him, because it was in the ancient style, though written by a modern. He often made her sing the couplets she knew, regretting that she had not learned more. The little girl, who already knew them all, pretended to be ignorant of the rest, acknowledging it was me that she had heard sing the romance, in order to engage the morose man to have me come to learn it her. The stratagem succeeded; he had me ordered to come and teach this song to his daughter; there was no need of his ordering me; but I did not consider matters so closely. I flew thither, I sang, I accompanied myself on the harpsichord; for, with some dispositions, I had also acquired this talent at *Strasbourg*, while living with *Mademoiselle d'Orneville*. *Julie* begged me to give
C 3 her

her some lessons on this instrument. The father consented, because it saved him the expence of a master. The girl improved under my direction; the owl never gave me any thing, thinking me, without doubt, too well paid by the honour of appearing in his apartment: yet I was paid better than he imagined. I regularly partook with my little mistress her breakfast and her evening refreshments, and I obtained a thousand little favours, the detail of which might appear puerile, unless to those possessed of sensibility equal to mine.

I saw in this house, with a singular pleasure, a picture which represented a lady, whose figure was gracious and respectable. They assured me that it was the portrait of the sister of the *Baron de Noirville*, who had died in the prime of life, without leaving any children. She had had only two twins, and they were

were both thought dead in their tenderest infancy. I had as much difficulty in believing that this hideous man was the brother of that amiable lady, as that he was the father of my beautiful *Julie*.

Thus I passed three years in the pleasure of budding love, in the age of illusion; reading romances, serving mass, teaching Latin, giving lessons on the harpsichord, and many other things, to my adorable scholar.

I now began to be between a boy and a man; and my desires, a long time confused, daily developed themselves. The little *Julie*, though younger than me by two or three years, appeared to partake them. We gave each other all those caresses which may be called innocent, and I began to wish for more. My mistress did not suffer me to perceive any inequality in our conditions: she

did not even appear to suspect any; but I was perfectly sensible of it. My Curate wanted me to engage myself in the priesthood, which ill accorded with my love: he persecuted me on that account, and the situation of an ecclesiastic became to me insupportable.

I lost my gaiety, which had often sustained me in the most cruel circumstances; the melancholy gloom of love came and darkened the dawn of my youthful days. I groaned at the idea of being near *Julie* in the character of a sneaking country *Abbé*. What a part in comparison to that I wished to act! It is true I was beloved; but had it not been for that, would I have chosen to stay in this dull village? I was already five feet three inches in height; was not this sufficient to enter the career of heroes? Would I not have preferred exposing myself to be shot at
in

in a battle, than to receive benedictions in a choir?

In the mean while I had another mistress, the fat servant-maid of the Curate wished to give me the first lessons of love. My innocence pleased her, like a flower one likes to gather. My extreme youth may excuse me to a certain degree: I reproached myself for my offence against Heaven and *Julie*. The wicked *Catan* enjoyed my embarrassment, and laughed at my remorse.

At length, thanks to the liberty they left us of being alone together, *Julie* and me had very interesting and even affecting conversations; it was no longer a childish friendship; it was love, and this love was reciprocally avowed. We had no sooner acknowledged it, than we felt the necessity of concealing it, and we succeeded for some time, because we

were so young, that it was impossible for any body to suspect any thing; but the eyes of jealousy opened. *Catan* insinuated herself into the house of the *Baron de Noirville*: she soon (for what can escape the eyes of a female rival?) discovered all the mystery. At first she contented herself with forbidding me to go to that house, ordering me at the same time to think of marrying her as soon as possible, as, she said, I ought to do. I declared to her my doubts as to her rights; she grew angry, and ran to tell my little mistress that I was a wretch who had seduced her, and had ravished her honour.

Poor *Julie* was as vexed as if she had been twenty years old, because she was as much in love as one can be at that age. Judge after this how I was received when I presented myself before her. We had had little quarrels together;
I had

I had experienced some little misss; but those were only gentle showers compared to this storm. The highest resentment, the most marked contempt were depicted upon her countenance; it cost me more than an hour's prayers, tears, and genuflections, to get her to declare to me the crime with which she had to reproach me: as soon as I knew it, I avowed all, with an ingenuousness that procured me my pardon. How sweet was the moment of our reconciliation! Never, I believe, had she loved me so much. She strove, by redoubling her caresses, to make me forget the almost unjust quarrels she had begun with me. We were absorbed in a torrent of delight. I was at the feet of my *Julie*, and was kissing one of her hands with transport. All of a sudden I felt a volley of blows fall upon me; I turned about, it was the *Baron de Noirville* that treated me thus. Never monster appeared so

hideous, nor was so much so, as I believe this man, already horribly ugly, full of spite, and gloomy rage, was at this moment. The wicked *Catan* had gone and thrown herself at his feet, imploring his interference as Lord of the village, to force me to marry her, and renounce his daughter. Only judge of the fury of the proud and cruel Baron. He flew into the apartment of *Julie*; happily he was unarmed; I was overwhelmed only with his fists and feet. He knocked, he called: I procured his daughter, by holding him, time to escape to his apartment, and lock herself in. I then stole away, and ran home to the Curate's; I there found the same uproar. *Catan* had rung the alarm bell; she had revealed her pretended seduction; the Pastor was furious; I had escaped from the gulph of *Charybdis*, to be wrecked upon the rocks of *Scylla*.

The

The Baron came himself to the Curate's to make violent complaints against me: "This is a wretch," said he, "that one must drive out of the country." The Pastor assented to this, and gave me my dismissal. This is the only time I ever knew him coincide in the Nobleman's opinion. *Catan* repented of the storm she had raised: she wished to make me lose my mistress; but not to lose me herself. Nobody thought of making me marry her. I found myself replunged into my former nothingness, driven about in the universe, wherein I had no asylum. In my heart I forgave the Curate; I cursed the Baron, and rejected the excuses of *Catan*. Before I set off I wished to take leave of my mistress, and gather an innocent kiss, as the last pledge of our reciprocal love. It was easy for me to penetrate into the house, where every body loved me. I saw my *Julie*, the fear of being discovered made us
fasten

fasten ourselves in, we cried together, we bade each other *adieu*; what *adieux*! what vows! what oaths!.....I had the resolution to leave her, and I departed in silence.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK II.

DRIVEN from this terrestrial Paradise, for having tasted the fruit of the tree that is called the knowledge of good and evil, I set off with two shirts in my pockets, and twelve livres in my fob, which the compassionate Curate had given me, though so much irritated. The tears stood in my eyes: for, how quit otherwise that honest man and the abode of my mistress? All the canton was assembled at the door: my crying air made me laughed at.

I saw

I saw myself rallied in a very outrageous manner by all the wits of the village. One said: "See *Monsieur l'Abbé*, who
" has got himself turned out of doors by
" a good Curate, for having cajoled his
" maid."—"And he's not contented with
" her," said, another, "he must have the
" Lord of the manor's daughter too,
" to amuse him."—"Hark'ye, my
" friend," said a third, "perhaps his
" rank is good enough for that. Who
" is there that can deny it, since one
" neither knows his father nor his mo-
" ther? Make way for the gentleman;
" he is a child of the highway; respect
" him upon his own estate." Circum-
stanced as I was, judge if these speeches
were likely to increase my good hu-
mour. I advanced, still trembling,
and crossing my arms to restrain my
blows. I was already out of the vil-
lage, when I perceived among these cla-
mourers, a d——n'd informer, who,
by

by his malicious reports, had greatly contributed to my disgrace. I fell upon him like lightning, I knocked him down, and trod him under my feet. All the village felt upon me: I gave a hundred blows, I received a thousand (the King of Ithacus fights in the *Odyssæy* against a beggar, so the reader must forgive me a combat less humiliating :) they dragged me by the hair, they tore my cloths; a hundred dogs barked at us; several mastiffs joined the combatants; numberless pails of water showered upon us. All at once we heard a cracking of great whips which fell heavily upon our shoulders: this was a liberality of the Baron's servants, who were passing, riding post. They separated the champions, who made their escape: I retained one by the hair; the wretch asked me pardon on his knees. Then a coach passed: my mistress was in it with her father, she glanced

ced at me a regard that announced her admiration of my victorious air, her compassion for my miserable situation, and her regret at losing me. The Baron cried out to me : “ Rascal, I’ll have thee “ hanged ;” and he flew on. I darted out after the coach which followed the road to Paris. “ What is that wretch going “ to do with his daughter !” said I to myself. I ran as long as I was able, at length I fell down with fatigue. Here I was alone in the middle of a great road, it was late, the sun was set, I was quite bathed with sweat, with cold water, and even with blood ; my eyes black and blue, my limbs bruised, my body harassed : my cloths were in tatters, and to crown my misfortune, I had not one penny in my pocket ; I had lost the twelve livres in the movement of the battle.

I was beginning to grow cold and shiver, when, by the light of the moon, I saw

saw coming a meager looking man, who had a violin hanging to his button-hole, and a woman worthy of him, who was carrying papers before her in a kind of pocket. The man had a cracked voice, the woman a hoarse one. They appeared to fear me and avoid me; I accosted them, and they gathered courage. We journeyed along together. We had a glimpse, some little time after, of a tall grenadier, who came and looked us fiercely in the face. My companions trembled, I put on a good countenance. The soldier got on one side, and walked on at some distance from us. "Sing a little," said the woman to me, "that he may not think we are afraid of him. My husband can't, for his voice is quite broke, and I dare not." I had no great inclination to sing, but I was moneyless; necessity makes us pliant. I collected my voice, and sang as loud as the grenadier himself could have done: the

the husband embraced me with rapture. "Truly, my dear friend," said he, "you have a fine voice: do you know how to play upon the fiddle?" I answered him that I could play a little; he untied his crazy instrument, and I scraped away. The woman flung herself upon my neck. "Indeed," said she to me, "you play as well as my husband; you sing the same; go on." I sang and scraped away. "But," replied the man, "I have a vast Encyclopedia of songs, and I don't recollect to have ever heard that you are singing; however, it goes admirably. Do you know who made it?"—"I did," said I. Then, both of them in an extacy, embraced me in concert, and poisoned me with their breath stinking with liquor. "You are a phoenix," cried they. "What! sing songs, write them, and compose them! Oh! you are our man!" We pursued our journey,

journey, me in the middle of them, singing, playing on the violin, crawling on as well as I could.

In this manner we arrived at an inn. "You must sup with us," said the affectionate couple.——"I cannot," replied I, "for I have not a penny."——"We have enough for you," rejoined they. I did not suffer myself to be asked a second time. We supped: they loaded me with careffes, and regarded me with astonishment. "But who are you?" said they to me at last. "How can a young man with so great a talent be reduced to such a melancholy situation?" I recounted them a part of my history. "Saviour!" cried the compassionate woman with her hoarse pipe.——"Blood and thunder! where was I?" said the courageous man with his broken voice.

At

At length, I thought proper to show them also some curiosity upon their account : “ And who are you in your turn ?” said I to them. The husband answered with an enthusiastic air, and as if thinking to inform me of something very extraordinary. — “ I am the famous *Sans-Chair*.” I saw, by his hollow cheeks, that he well deserved his name, but I had never heard of the famous *Sans-Chair* : I asked him what they did. “ We are merchants, at your service,” replied they. — “ And of what merchandise ?” rejoined I. — “ Of songs,” answered they. I again asked them if they sold them themselves. They answered me yes, and I judged of their sale, on considering their meager faces and cracked voices. “ We gain something,” continued the woman, “ and, if my husband was able to second me, I would, before fourteen days were over my head, sing in my coach in the streets

“streets of Paris. We have a stock of ex-
“cellent songs, which my cousin *Grêlé*
“made for us, who has been, an’ please
“you, near two years, head servant to
“an ecclesiastic priest, that knew Latin
“like his breviary : but my husband has
“lost his voice, from having sung for
“two years upon the port at *Marseille*,
“where all the galley-slaves, an’ please
“you, bought our songs at two farthings
“a sheet, which they paid like princes.
“That’s the reason why we want a part-
“ner that could assist us, and who
“should be treated neither better nor
“worse than ourselves, and who should
“eat at our table, every time we do eat
“at table; and I think, God forgive me,
“that we can’t make a better choice than
“yourself; for you appear to me a lad
“well brought up, that has studied in a
“college, and that is very learned and
“very worthy of exercising our profes-
“sion, and doing himself honour in it.”

——“Come

—“Come, my friend,” said the man,
 “you are one of us, and between friends,
 “the hand is enough. What! you
 “seem to hesitate? Does not our pro-
 “posal please you? And what the
 “devil will you do in Paris with the
 “pieces of your black coat, and your
 “twelve livres that you have lost?—
 “Though you had as much knowledge
 “in your head as there is in all our
 “songs, if you have a distressed air, you
 “will not get half a crown for your
 “carcase: they will take you for a thief,
 “and you will be obliged to become
 “one.”

These reflections, which were but too true, decided me, in spite of my repugnance to that situation. “Come, ’tis done
 “and done,” resumed *Mons. Sans-Chair*:
 “we’ll drink a bottle more for that;
 “my wife shall mend your coat for you
 “herself: blood and thunder! Some
 thread

“ thread and some wine !” I suffered myself to be prevailed on. The woman patched up, as well as she could, my black coat, with some white thread. The next morning she tied up my short hair herself with one of her garters, letting, on that account, her stocking drag at her heels. I cocked up my *Abbé’s* hat with pins, I put it upon my ear, and here I was in Pairs, singing songs to gain my livelihood. (What a part for a lover of *Julie* !) I soon composed one myself which had a good deal of success, and brought us a tolerable sum. We returned home in the evening, with our throats pretty dry; but we had wherewithal to moisten them. I did not delay buying myself a coat at a sale shop. I blushed exceedingly at my profession, and soon quitted it. One day, while I was on duty, I perceived at a distance, the father of *Julie*. I could not sustain this part before him. I forsook my comrades in the middle of a

couplet, and ran off as fast as my legs could carry me.

Deserter from the *Troubadours*, I took shelter in an alehouse. I had a little money, and this was the first time in my life that I had wherewith to pay in an alehouse. I there found some *Abbés*, upon the *pavé*, who were looking out for a shop, that is, who being devoted to the masters of boarding schools, were waiting till there was some place vacant for them. I did as they did: I went and carried a crown to the clerk of these respectable masters, and at the end of a few days, obtained a place of under usher, at a salary of twenty crowns a year, with *Monf. Pesant*, master of a boarding school. This was, for a few years past, like my getting a step higher, since I had formerly been servant at *Straßbourg*, in a house of the same sort. This trade disgusted me, because I was tormented by

by love, and the grammar, from which I gave lessons, was not an occupation sufficiently calculated to hinder me from thinking of my dear *Julie*. I was very much enraged, especially at not having time to seek after her. However, I did my duty; I pleased the master, who considered me as a great man, and the mistress too, who thought me tolerably well made, and even the servant-girl, to whom I seemed gentle and engaging. This is always something gained.

I was not long without making a conquest. The mother of one of the children at the school, a woman of rank, tolerably young, and tolerably pretty, came to see her son. The master boasted to her of my attention to this pupil. She looked at me with an affected heedlessness, and a real attention. A few days after, she sent for her son to dinner,

and sent word that she should like to have him brought by me. I put on a coat quite new, a little cloak and band, all very clean and smart; and thus I became an *Abbé* of a pretty good mien. The lady received me with a trifling smile, and an imperceptible courtesy; she seemed not to honour me with great attention, but asked me a thousand questions which showed more than a little. She appeared not to be more dissatisfied with my conversation than with my figure; and she was beginning to talk to me with an air rather familiar, when dinner was announced. She freely took my hand; and here behold *Grégoire* at the table of people of distinction. But how now! I am beloved by a girl whose condition is full as good as that of the master of this house, and perhaps even the mistress of it wishes me better than she chooses to let me see!

It

It was a family dinner; we were five at table: in the first place sat the brutal, disgusting husband, who justified, in some degree, the rather faithless air of his wife. He had let me make, on my entrance, three or four profound salutations, without being tempted to take the smallest notice of me. He had beside him his worthy son and his little daughter, who had been sent for from the convent to dine with her brother. The conversation became interwoven, the prattle of the children took wing. The little girl spoke intrepidly of her convent, and particularly of her cousin, whom she said was still plunged into the most bitter chagrin: "She sighs," said she, "like a *love-sick maid*," (I sighed also, and the lady remarked it); "she refuses to see any company; which has prevented her coming to dine with us."

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They

They talked a great deal about this cousin, whom they at last named *Julie*, a name that interested me. I hazarded some questions. The lady, who was talking to me a vast deal, entered with me into the following details. “She is,” said she, “a very pretty girl, whose birth, fortune, and merit, place her in a situation to look up for the highest offers; but admire the weakness of the human mind. We reveal to you, under the seal of secrecy, this turpitude of our family. She has fallen in love, in the village where she resides, with a wretch, a fellow picked up on the highway, whom we are looking after to have shut up; for which we have obtained a *lettre de cachet*. Figure to yourself that her father surprised this wretch at her feet, and that she suffered him there.” During this recital, I alternately blushed and turned pale.

The

The husband, who till then had not deigned to cast his eyes upon me, remarked my trouble. "Are you by chance," said he to me, "that fellow we want to have shut up? You are very like the description I have had of him." I could not help colouring and turning paler than ever. "Go," said he to his servant, "run and call the *Baron de Noirville*." At this name I could endure it no longer; I got up to make my escape. "Rascal," cried the brutal husband, throwing his plate at my head, "stop! stop!" They wanted to seize me by the collar; I knocked down two servants, and overset the side-board with all the glasses; but I had the good fortune to get off victorious, and I ran as fast as if the devil had been at my heels. Happily it was at the time of year when the days are at the shortest; the night, already very dark, favoured my flight. I secretly cursed my star,

which made me lose a favourable opportunity of seeing my *Julie* again; for they had already been talking of taking the boy from school, and engaging me for his preceptor. I should have been at the house of my mistress's relations; I should have seen her come there to dinner; I should have dined there with her. Who knows? I might have gone to see her, perhaps, in her convent. Alas! I had not been able to learn, even from the praying little girl, where this convent was.

There was no longer a possibility of thinking to remain at *Mons. Pesant's*; but I wished to have my cloths, possessing nothing else in the world. I flew to the school; I asked for my salary and dismissal. The master, with his dull stupid air, begged me to tell him what could have offended me at his house; and *Madame Pesant* and *Suson*, and every body

body joined him; "Very soon you will
"know all," said I to them; "but I
"must set off." In less than ten minutes
my bundle was tied up, and my account
settled. Thanks to the advances that
had been made me, I had nothing more
to receive. I wished *Monf. Pefant* good
night, gave a kiss to his wife, another to
his maid, took my bundle under my
arm, it was not very heavy; and so I set
off.

I ran as long as I was able. I soon
arrived near the *Grève*; there was a great
crowd, because they were leading a poor
wretch to be racked on the wheel. I
found myself entangled, in spite of my-
self, in the multitude. They robbed
me of my bundle; I could not discover
the thief: but with my fists I gave some
good blows to my neighbours whom I
suspected: they returned them with in-
terest. I did not wish to be apprehended

in my present circumstances. Here I was without a penny, without a shirt; and, to complete my misfortune, I had tied up my new coat in the bundle.

Thus lost in the middle of Paris, in danger of being taken up, I almost wished for this misfortune in order to have, at least, a subsistence. I still sighed more with love than with grief; for this sentiment floated in my bosom, above all others. I measured all the town, where I had not a nest to repose myself; fatigue increased my want of repairing my strength; amidst the riches of the capital, cruelly tantalized, I could enjoy nothing but the air: one cannot live upon that. Deprived of the means of living, I had an idea of dying; but I have never relished the philosophy of suicide. There was one method simple enough of seeking death, this was to rob; by that means I might have satisfied

fied the want of eating, which pressed me, and obtained death, which they are not very covetous of with regard to petty robbers ; but it never entered my head to seek it in that manner.

I passed two days in this rigorous abstinence, and I own that the third I crept along with a pretty careless air. I was in this piteous condition, when I met with a mob which stopped me without putting me out of patience, for I was not in a hurry to run. I seated myself on a post, before a coach that was detained by the same obstacle. There was within it a young girl, tolerably pretty, and a lady rather well-looking, who appeared her mother. I did not mind them ; I had something very different in my head. However my heedless eyes were fixed upon them, because they happened to be there. They themselves were a long time without casting a look

upon me. All of a sudden the mother perceived me; she appeared struck. "Ah! there he is!" said she with transport. Her daughter started like her, and exclaimed: "It is he himself!" They both strove to open the carriage door to throw themselves out upon me. In that moment the brawl ceased, the coach carried them away. They cried out: "*Stop!*" they held out their hands to me, and I remained motionless. The coachman stopped, the door was opened for them, and they rushed out upon me. They clasped me in their arms, wet me with their tears; and exclamations of tenderness, and the reproaches and questions of their suffocated voices were confounded together. I was dumb in their arms, and I scarce felt my hunger, so much was I surprised. At length I understood, amidst the disorder of their expressions, that the mother took me for her son, and the daughter for her brother;

ther; that they were charmed to see me, and surpris'd to find me in this condition; that they were reproaching me for having quitted them, and they were chilled by my coldness, of which they at last took notice. I made no reply: I suffered myself to be conducted into their carriage, where their questions, caresses and reproaches continued.

We soon arrived at a superb hotel, in which we entered with a great noise; all the servants, on perceiving me, cried out "*Ah! there he is!*" I heard them say one another: "What a plight he is in!" "Where does he come from?" We got out of the carriage in sight of all the family, who had hastened to the coach-door. I perceived in a balcony, a man in a *robe de chambre*, whom I took for the master, and who was so in reality. He appeared struck with astonishment at my aspect: "*And here he is, and here*
"*he*

“*be is,*” cried the mother and daughter to him. He remained motionless, and his pipe fell out of his mouth. I was as I may say, carried to the top of the staircase, where this grave man advanced to meet us. The two women presented me to him with transports of joy. For his part, I saw struggling, upon his face, a thousand different passions. He appeared to wish to show anger, and contend against the assaults which an excessive tenderness made him experience. At last, he said to me with the most strengthened accent he was able to give to his voice: “Here you are then, Sir? these are your tricks! See the wretch what a pickle he presents himself in. Is this the fruit of the lessons I have given thee? What hast thou done since thou quittedst thy father’s house? Hast thou dishonoured thy family?” The two ladies used all their efforts to soften him in my favour, assuring him that

that I was very penitent; that I had expressed to them the sincerest regret for my faults, the and firmest resolution to repair them in future. "Throw thyself
"at thy father's feet," said the lady to me,
"and ask his forgiveness:" and the reproaches continued on one part, and my apology on the other. I could not find an opportunity of getting in a word.

At length they perceived that I wished to speak: my pretended mother did all she could to induce her husband to hear me. "Let him speak then," cried she; "listen to his excuses." I with difficulty obtained a little silence. "Sir," said I to the father, "I see by the manner in
"which I am received by you, by these
"ladies and all your family, that an extraordinary resemblance must deceive
"you. I can protest to you that I
"neither merit your reproaches, nor
"the marks of tenderness of these
"ladies;

“ ladies; for, unhappily for me, I am
“ not your son.”—“ Ah!” exclaimed
the husband in the most violent passion,
“ Ah! scoundrel, thou dar’st deny thy
“ father! Thou shalt die by my hand.”

At these words he seized hold of a brace
of pistols. Twenty persons rushed upon
him to snatch them away: twenty others
upon me to take me out of his sight. In
this critical moment entered a young lady
as handsome as the day. I stole away like
lightning from the hands that held me,
and threw myself at her feet, it was my
Julie. She drew back and appeared pe-
trified with surprise. For me, I clasped
her in my arms, I kissed her hands, her
face, letting my pretended father do
what he would with his pistols. In the
mean time I heard the passionate old
man cry out in a voice stifled with fury:
“ What! the rascal despises my anger
“ so much as this! And you hinder me
“ from

“ from blowing his brains out a thousand
“ times.

They tore me away from the feet of my *Julie*, and carried me into a very handsome apartment, which was that of the son of the family for whom they took me. I was at first left there alone and shut up. I was not long without remarking a large portrait which indeed resembled me perfectly; save that it was a little too young for me, because it had undoubtedly been done a few years since. I had no difficulty in guessing its original, and I could not help finding excusable the error of those who thought they saw it in me. I was not able to comprehend the meaning of so extraordinary a resemblance. I had indeed heard of something similar between twins; but I did not know that I had any twin brother.

At

At the end of a moment, recovered a little from the trouble which a constant succession of so many unaccountable scenes had occasioned me, I began to feel the sharpness of hunger renew : I saw coming into my room the two women, who would by all means be my mother and sister, both with their eyes full of tears. I was assailed by the most tender complaints and the most lively caresses on their part. “ Is it not very cruel for
“ me,” said the mother, “ that a son I
“ have brought up with such excessive
“ fondness, should push his ingratitude
“ far as to impudently deny in the face
“ of all the earth that I am his mother,
“ and expose himself, in supporting this
“ indignity, to get his head broke by
“ his father ?” The substance of what the young lady said was pretty near the same. What could I do in this circumstance ? The love of truth ordained me to persist in denying; but this was
giving

giving a death-blow to the mother; for I was at length obliged to give her that name, since she absolutely insisted on it. Besides, her error was plausible, and the most pressing want commanded me imperiously. Let any one represent to himself, a poor devil who has not eat for three days, (for I must bluntly own this painful truth) and who sees himself all at once transported into the arms of a great lady, and a very pretty young miss, who finds himself the son of a rich and illustrious family; a man who is nothing, whom they threaten to knock in the head if he does not consent to be something.....Let any one in short paint to himself my situation, and ask himself what he would have done in my place. For my part, I did nothing, I said nothing; I had hardly strength to speak; I ceased to deny. "Ah! Madam," said I at last in a voice almost exhausted, "if you have for me so much tenderness, pray

“ pray let me beg of you to order me
“ something to eat, for I am very much in
“ want of it.” The lady judged from my
dying air, that my want was real. “ O
God !” cried she, “ my son suffer with hun-
“ ger, like the lowest of miserales ! Bring
“ something to eat directly.” And her
tears recommenced in greater abundance.
She regarded me with a tenderness blen-
ded with the keenest grief. “ Cruel
“ child !” continued she, “ how severely
“ dost thou punish me for my extreme
“ fondness !”

They immediately brought me some-
thing to give me relief. The two ladies
served me with an extraordinary eager-
ness, which was at least equalled by that
with which I eat. “ Ah ! Madam, what
“ obligation I owe you !” said I doing ho-
nour all the time to the dishes that were
set before me.——“ Madam !” rejoined
the mother, “ Ah ! cruel ! Ah ! my son !
“ canst

"canst thou not call me thy mother?" In saying this, she presented me a glass of wine, and I could not refuse the name of mother to her who was so nourishing me, in a moment when it was saving my life. This name was received with inexpressible increases of tenderness. After having given the name of mother to the lady, I could not, politely, refuse to the young one, that of sister. I was again embraced; I returned the embraces, and now was one of the family.

Not to be exposed however to the reproach of imposture in case I should hereafter be known for what I was: "Madam," said I to my mother, "you see the ascendancy of circumstances which force me to name you my mother: you see that every thing compels me to it, that you yourself overwhelm me with violence the most irresistible. If ever circumstances change, and make
"you,

“ you revoke the name with which you
“ honour me this day, acknowledge at
“ least, then, that I have nothing to re-
“ proach myself with, and let not the
“ tenderness which misleads you, change
“ into hatred and contempt.”——
“ What do you mean by this language ?”
said the mother to me. “ Do you wish
“ to break my heart ?”——“ You will
“ perhaps one day comprehend, to my
“ misfortune, the meaning of this enig-
“ ma,” replied I to her; “ I beg you
“ not to urge me upon that point at this
“ moment, it appears that your repose
“ depends on it. Let it suffice to you,
“ *my mother*, that I beg you to love me
“ as a son.”——“ Canst thou possibly
“ doubt it,” said she to me. “ Banish, I
“ pray thee, every thing that can be fatal
“ to me in thy expressions. I will go and
“ try to soften thy father in thy favour.
“ He will grow calm, I hope, when he
“ is informed that thou ownest me, and
“ when

“when he sees that thou wilt own him
“himself.”

In that moment my pretended father came to us. “Ah! my friend:” cried my new mother to him, “our son owns us!”——“He does us a very great favour,” replied the husband. “The wretch! Here, read what they write me about him.”——“O heaven!” said the mother, reading, and turning pale: what! my son has been shot! “How explain this?”——“See in what a pretty plight he is,” rejoined the father with a disdainful air, “and you will easily comprehend this mystery. “Has he not the look of a wretch got out of the most dangerous scrape? “’Tis an eye-witness who tells me that he has deserted, and that having been apprehended, it seemed natural that he should undergo the punishment. He must have had the good luck to make
“his

“his escape, and shelter himself precipitately in Paris: but, in the state he is in, he does himself justice. He will not own us, because he is sensible that he is not worthy of our owning him. Wretch! thou didst a great honour to thy family to enlist for a soldier, whilst we could have got thee made a Colonel, and expose thyself to have thy brains blown out, when thou couldst have enjoyed a situation the most noble and most happy; when Here she is,” continued he seeing *Julie* enter; yes *Julie* herself in all the *eclat* of her beauty. “Thou knewest that she was destined for thee; couldst thou prefer the trulls that follow the armies, to a beauty of whom thou art not worthy?”

At these words, at the sight of *Julie*, I had remained mute and motionless. “What! I might be *Julie*’s!” said I to myself

myself. And this prospect plunged me into extasy and pleasures. All of a sudden they heard a carriage enter the court. They came to tell my father that he was wanted. They expected a grandmother, and thinking it was her that was arrived, every body had run to meet her. I remained alone with my love, and still in my enchantment:—

“Is it you?” said I, “is it my *Julie* I

“see?”—She regarded me with a great pair of eyes almost stupid, by dint of being undecided between all the passions that were striving to express themselves in them.

“But is it you too,” said she to me at last, “my dear *Merveil*?”

What do I see? “What do I hear?”—

“Yes, it is me,” answered I with a voice almost suffocated, kissing one of her hands with transport. Tears immediately bathed her eyes, and mine; she involuntarily squeezed my hand, and we regarded each other through our tears.

We had never experienced so much pleasure; we desired nothing more; our hearts, too full of our happiness, were unable to contain it. *Julie* fell upon a sofa, and I sat down beside her.

“ Explain to me then all this,” said she; “ you know yourself then at last; “ you have found your parents; it is my “ dear *Merveil* they destine for me.” Her regards sparkled with pleasure when she pronounced these last words. “ Ah! “ my dear *Julie*,” answered I, “ I know “ not where I am. If you knew.....Fi- “ gure to yourself that I have not “ eat these three days.....”——“ You “ have not eat these three days!” interrupted she getting up with precipitation, flying to the table, and bringing me my plate and my bread. “ Eat then.”——“ I am no longer hungry,” said I kissing her hand.—“ Eat then, my dear “ friend,” rejoined she with concern, “ I “ conjure

“conjure you.” Invited by *Julie*, I recovered my appetite, and satisfied it with delight. She herself poured out my drink. *Hebe* served me with nectar and ambrosia; I was in *Olympus*. How many years of misery are effaced by a moment so sweet!

Without interrupting the indispensable duty I was fulfilling, I continued my recital, and said to *Julie*: “To-day
“I was creeping painfully along the
“street, plunged in grief, and consumed by a want I durst not reveal to any
“body. All at once I met this lady,
“who has taken me for her son; all the
“family has done the same. You have
“seen the rest; you arrived when the
“father wanted to blow out my brains,
“because I was so scrupulous as not to
“give into his error. It is certain that
“it is a plausible one; look at this portrait. I must be prodigiously like

E-2

“their

“their son, since the mistake is so general.”——“You are not so then?” said she to me sorrowfully——“You don’t know him then?” replied I. “They have just written his father word that he has been shot at the head of the army for desertion; and my plight has persuaded them that I was this deserter, and that I had the good fortune to make my escape. But what’s to be done?”——“Well, but if this son is dead,” said she in a fearful tone, “he cannot possibly come and contradict you, in case you gave into their mistake.”——“And is it my *Julie*,” interrupted I, “who advises me to deceive!”——“Alas! my sincerity suffers by it,” answered she; “but have you any other means of living?.....” She stopped herself all of a sudden, and then resumed with embarrassment: “You don’t think then, I see, of the pleasure of our being united”

“ed

“ed together?”—“This consideration
“prevails,” rejoined I with warmth,
“their error may make me possess my
“*Julie*, let us encourage it, let us bless
“it, let me be the son of this *Count de*
“*Bonac*, (this was the father’s name) in
“order to be the husband of the adora-
“ble *Julie*.”

We were chatting in this manner with the sweetest intimacy. All on a sudden I saw my new parents bringing towards us a tall lank figure. It was the father of *Julie*. At this sight I remained petrified. *Julie* went, but trembling, and threw herself upon his neck. He repulsed her, fixing me with the blackest eye. “How now, rascal,” said he to me, “thou hast not thy brains blown out? Wretched deserter!”—“What say you!” replied the mother. “’Tis my son. Are you sorry he has been able to escape from death?”—

“Your son!” rejoined *Noirville*. “What
“then, how did you know him again?”

——“Yes,” said the Count, “’tis our
“son whom we have found once more.”

——“In that case,” replied *Noirville*,

“I ask you pardon. You know I had

“not the honour of knowing your son.

“I am overjoyed that he is so handsome

“a young gentleman, and whose phy-

“siognomy announces, to her who will

“possess him, so happy a destiny.”

Every body then threw their eyes upon

Julie, who coloured up as red as fire,

and I found there was nothing more

natural than to give into the error of

these honest people. After some other

vague compliments, *Noirville* requested

to speak to me in private; every body

withdrew, and left us, himself, his

daughter, and me, together.

When we were alone, he embraced

me with the most deceitful affectation in

the

the world. "My friend," said he, "you have then recognised your parents? Receive my compliments on the occasion. Nobody takes more interest in your good fortune than myself, except that sly hussy who is listening to us." *Julie* again blushed, and I could not help squeezing her hand before her father. "I think," continued he, "that you will easily forgive me all the past. The error, you know, was excusable, besides I have wherewithal to repair it." *Julie* blushed again. "I own to you," resumed he, "that it was I who had you apprehended at the army for a deserter, because I did not believe it was my son-in-law that I was involving in that danger. But, in short, you have had the good luck to escape; God be praised! Relate to me then all this: how did you find out your parents again?"—"What do you say, my
E 4 "parents!"

“parents!” replied I to him. “They
“are not my parents. Misled by a
“striking resemblance, they take me
“for their son, but I am not so. ’Tis
“their son that you have got shot; ’tis
“your son-in-law whose brains you have
“got blown out.”

The man remained some time observing me with his piercing black eyes: he then threw himself about my neck and embraced me. “What a cruel lad
“you are,” said he, “not to be willing
“to open your heart to me! For, in short,
“you are the son of this family, and
“if you have till now been ignorant of
“it, you ought, at present, to consider
“yourself sure of it; indeed I discovered
“in you a certain air that struck me; I
“had some confused *présentiments* upon
“your account; but your disguise deceived my tenderness: I could not
“treat you as you deserved; I could
“not

“not receive you into my bosom, admit
“you to my table; you know to what
“the tyranny of rank reduces us. But
“now that I know you.....”

“But, Sir, you don’t know me at all,”
said I, interrupting him; “I declare to
“you, whatever may happen to me in
“consequence, that I am not the son of
“these good people; I am that unfor-
“tunate you ran over in your carriage,
“and whom you always wished to tread
“under your feet.”

The scoundrel regarded me with an
eye more piercing than ever. He fixed
his looks upon the portrait of the son of
the family; and, having compared it
with my face: “The resemblance is
“perfect,” said he between his teeth.
He then embraced me again, and said
to me, “Come, my dear friend, you
“must come to a decision, and second
“the good fortune that awaits you.
“If you are not the son of the family,

“you ought to be so. I have certain
“reasons for thinking so, which I can-
“not tell you; be assured, at least, that
“you were born in a situation fully equal
“to that you find here. Don’t with-
“stand the tears of a family who open
“their arms to you: give a son to a
“mother, a brother to a sister, a husband
“to her who loves you.... Yes, my son,
“it is useless to seek to dissemble it,
“you may possess her; I no longer
“withhold my consent to the comple-
“tion of your mutual desires; don’t fear
“any inconvenience, it is impossible that
“those who adopt you should ever dis-
“cover their error, their son no longer
“exists, and, according to that portrait,
“one cannot see a resemblance more
“striking than that between you and
“this unfortunate youth.”

Who would have believed that this
traitor could have so well adopted the
language of a tender soul? But his
hard

hard features, and inauspicious physiognomy, contrasted with the softness of his discourse. Indeed I turned my eyes from them to fix them upon *Julie*. How beautiful I found her! One of her regards pierced my very soul. I seized hold of one of her hands, on which I pressed my burning lips, before her father. He clasped us together in his arms, and conducted us in this situation towards our new parents. "I bring to you," said he, "a son and a daughter." My mother threw herself round both our necks, and bathed us with her tears. We were loaded with a deluge of caresses: my father even (let us also call him by that name) forgot his anger. He became frantic with joy, embraced both my mistress and me, and joined our two hands together. I squeezed that of *Julie* against my heart; I felt that in her turn she squeezed mine with a tenderness so modest and affecting,

that I was upon the point of fainting with pleasure. I will not describe what I experienced at that moment, such feelings no language can express.

After the transports of the family had subsided, we all sat down next each other, and remained in a mute extasy, looking at one another. Never truth produced a better effect than this artifice! However I have not yet succeeded in forgiving myself entirely for it.

What a rapid passage from the greatest misery to the most brilliant opulence! I was, for some days intoxicated with my destiny, but I soon reconciled myself to it. What was the enjoyment of all my riches in comparison to the love of *Julie*! I am nevertheless forced to acknowledge that some Opera-girls spoke to my senses; and that I was not able to deny myself a small number of parties in which I tasted

I tasted some feeble glimpses of pleasure. Public places among others made me pass some happy moments.

One day, burning the pavement in my elegantly light equipage, dressed like a man that was going to rendezvous, full of joy having just left my *Julie*, to whom I was about to risk committing a momentary infidelity, I was reflecting with rapture upon my happiness, when, in turning the corner of a street, I heard the scraping of a violin, and the bawling of a hoarse voice; I perceived *Mons. Sans-Chair* and his worthy spouse carrying on their humble trade. I saluted them with the greatest politeness. They both remained motionless on seeing me; my carriage bespattered them. *Sans-Chair*, who had his mouth wide open, had it filled with dirt. A few days after, I met my good Curate, who was not less amazed than them. I would have

have stopped had I not been with my father, who would have comprehended nothing in our renewing our acquaintance.

I was every day in a delicate situation. New embarrassments at each new acquaintance of my parents that came to see us. Every body knew me again, but I knew nobody, I was obliged to receive the compliments of all the friends of the family. They reminded me of a thousand particularities which I ought to have known, but of which I was perfectly ignorant. When I was disconcerted, my mother said that it was a consequence of my obstinacy, and that I had the vanity to contend for the upper hand. I applied myself to all the exercises that can form the mind and the body; I did not appear a novice in any of them, and in a very little time I became quite accomplished.

In

In owning my failings, I must also say something of the good I did. I profited by my fortune to succour a great many poor and honest people. I considered, as an acquisition, the discovery of any indigent family that I was able to oblige.

A very honest young woman, the daughter of a poor mother, but too worthy to be so, inspired me with some transitory desires. The mother took notice of it, and said "Here's wherewithal to get a portion for my daughter, for whom I have a husband quite ready." I certainly only threw a chaste and respectful eye upon this young maiden; but the odious woman, I know not how, provoked, emboldened my hopes, and sold me the victim. She was abandoned to me: she cried and trembled in my arms, and seemed disposed to yield, but in lamenting her fate. This bargain seemed

seemed to me odious, and I was almost as much embarrassed as herself. I begged her to open her soul to me; she did so with candour. I respected her virtue; I gave her the sum I had promised; and this public beauty came out of my hands in all her purity.

In the evening as I was walking in a lonesome place, I met a young man of a very decent appearance, who begged me very politely to draw my sword and defend myself. I asked him why. "You have," said he, dishonoured a girl honest till now, that I was going to marry, and that I can no longer look on. I answered him that I had discovered her virtue, and respected it.——"That is so false," said he, "that she has confessed to me to have received from you the price of her dishonour."——"'Tis a portion I gave her," rejoined I, "in admiring and respecting her virtue." "She

“She told me the same,” replied he,
“but I know better.” In short, there
was no possibility of undeceiving this
young man, and I was obliged to fight
him.

I made his sword fly out of his hand.
“My friend,” said I to him when I had
disarmed him, “that you may give
“credit to the generosity I have shown
“to your sweetheart, I will give you a
“fresh instance of it. There are five
“hundred *louis* which I won yesterday
“at play, by the greatest chance in the
“world; take them, join them to what
“I have already given to your amiable
“mistress; marry her: by this means I
“shall unite two honest souls, and ex-
“piate two faults I have committed;
“that of having played so deep, for
“which I reproach myself, though for-
“tunate; and that of having risked dis-
“turbing

“turb[ing] the union of two hearts like
“yours.”

The young man, confounded at my generosity, had no longer any doubt about the virtue of his mistress. It was but with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in making him accept my present. In short, I married these happy lovers, and had more pleasure at their wedding, than if I had previously dishonoured the victim. I have never played since.

Thus I passed three months, which were almost a continual scene of enjoyment. The *Baron de Noirville* pressed my marriage as much as he could. All the family were of opinion that it should be terminated immediately; but my father was so enraptured at this alliance, he would give us such brilliant *fêtes*, he would make such advantageous arrangements

ments in our favour, that at the end of three months, we had not yet determined on the happy day. It was at length fixed: every thing was prepared for the ceremony with a magnificence almost royal. I nearly grasped the completion of my wishes. I was engaged to my *Julie*, and I sealed with a kiss the mouth of the dear object the possession of which I flattered myself of acquiring.

We were to celebrate our marriage at some leagues from Paris, in a magnificent country seat; we set out on our journey to go thither, with the greatest gaiety. We were crossing the forest of *Sénar*; I was making with my dear *Julie*, next to whom I was seated in the carriage, the finest projects for the future: all of a sudden a dozen men masked, armed from head to foot, came up and assailed us. We had no means of resistance: they held their pistols to our throats,

throats, and made us alight in silence. Our women trembled with fear, and I will not answer for the men. I saw with uneasiness that he who appeared the chief of the highwaymen was dressed like a shoe black; whence I concluded that this rape was not a romance; but that we had to do with robbers, who probably would assassinate us to rob us at their ease. What was more: I had observed for some days past the figure of a shoe-black covered with a dirty surtout, perfectly resembling that of this wretch: this figure surveyed me and followed me like my shadow, when I went on foot. I had not been able to see the face of this man, because it was hidden by his ragged hair, and by the pains he appeared to take to conceal it from me; but he had exactly the same height and the same walk as the chief of these banditti; who also had his face covered with his mask. It was he himself that took charge of me; and,

seconded

seconded by one of his comrades, led me along, with a pistol to my head; so that I had every reason to apprehend on their part the very worst treatment.

As soon as we had advanced a little into the forest, they made us stop; they ranged every body in a circle, with each his man holding up his pistol to our temples. They placed me in the middle, as the hero of the *fête*; four men began to strip me. "Rascals!" cried I, "though unarmed, I will not suffer myself to be stripped without resistance." In saying these words, the impetuosity of my disposition made me make a sudden movement, in order to disengage myself from them. There was immediately a pistol let off, the ball of which happily only grazed the tip of my ear: instantly all the company, gave me the most piercing cries, they all conjured me, with tears in their eyes, not to make
any

any resistance, as long as no harm was done to me; swearing to me that, if they saw my life was in danger, they would all get their throats cut, rather than suffer me to perish. I was forced to yield to their entreaties; I saw myself, with the greatest inquietude, stripped to my shirt, without the highwaymen pronouncing a single word. Afterwards the chief pulled off his sorry cloths and dressed himself in mine. His people by his order, clothed me with his shameful rags. He then took from his head and placed upon mine, a false head of hair, badly combed, which covered his real hair, well dressed. He at length pulled off his mask, and all the company saw, with stupefaction, a figure perfectly like that I had in the same cloths. Every body remained motionless, me as well as the others. The armed people rode off full speed, except their chief. Every one looked at each other with eyes of astonishment.

astonishment. The mother, in particular, divided her regards between me and this fatal figure; seeking which of the two was her son. She at first had been told that he had been shot in the army, then she believed she had found him in me: at last she saw a new one. What confusion of objects!

This strange man then gave me two or three good blows on the shoulders, with his sword, saying to me: "Mr. Impostor, learn another time not to abuse a caprice of nature and a pretended probability, to deceive an honourable family, to whom you are not worthy to be a servant."

His mother wished to throw herself round his neck. He again imposed silence with his drawn sword, conducted all the company towards the carriage, and made every body get in except me.

All

All suffered themselves to be conducted without uttering a syllable. *Julie* alone held out her hands to me, venting the most lamentable cries. O my *Julie*, how you loved me in that situation!

They left me in the middle of the high road, and drove on. The carriages flew and returned towards Paris. I remained motionless with surprise and oppression. What nuptials! At last rage seized me: they had torn from me my *Julie*, my rank, my fortune, all that I had in the world. "No, I will not suffer it," said I to myself trembling; and I began to run after the carriages which I had already lost sight of.

I arrived in Paris, exhausted with fatigue, and bathed with sweat. Returned to my nothingness, I rested myself on a stone where I soon grew cool. This cold inspired me with very phlegmatic

matic reflexions. "What shall I do?
"Whither shall I go? How shall I
"recover my *Julie*? How shall I live?"
In asking myself these questions, I set a
walking again, and, without perceiving
it, by a natural instinct, my feet con-
ducted me to the hotel of my mother,
who was so no longer.

My footman was standing at the door
with several others. He fell upon me
the first, and carried his forgetfulness so
far as to strike me: his comrades imi-
tated him. "Ah! you rascal," cried
they, "we will teach you to come
"watching about like a spy, as you
"have done this last fortnight." O
fatal coat! I was covered with the rag-
ged garment of my enemy. For a fort-
night past, as I have said, he had watch-
ed me in this dress. I had pointed him
out to my servant, who had promised
me to thrash him soundly. I was taken

for him; I found myself, like *Acteon*, the victim of my metamorphose.

Disconcerted by this unforeseen storm, I had not at first the presence of mind to take off the false head of hair that was my principal disguise. At last I divested myself of this fatal spoil; my countenance struck my executioners. My servant knew me the first; then they all looked at me with their great staring eyes. They had seen my figure enter with the rest of the company: they now saw me in the midst of themselves, loaded with outrages and even with blows from their hands.

In the meantime the enemy who resembled me, from the top of a balcony, cried out: "Lay on, lay on! Cane the rascal to death." The noise brought *Julie* to the window, she gave a lamentable shriek, which pierced my very

very heart. Her father came and exclaimed: "Stop that fellow! I'll have him hanged. Ah! scoundrel! thou seekest to debauch honest girls! thou innuatest thyself into families, to rob the lawful heirs! Thou shalt be hanged without mercy." He ran down stairs to seize me himself, I was forced to determine on flying; but, before I set off, I gave him with my head a furious blow in the stomach, which laid him sprawling on the pavement. Despair dissipating my lassitude, gave me strength to escape from the hands that wanted to stop me, and I ran as hard as I could lay my legs to the ground.

Scarce was I out of the sight of those who were pursuing me, before I felt my weakness renew. Compelled to yield to it, I sat down upon the flags that lead from the *Pont Notre-Dame* to the *Grève*.

It was already very dark : the crowd of passengers was continually diminishing, and night soon ushered in solitude. I had not one penny to procure me supper and lodging. Not having any thing to eat, I was forced to content myself with sleeping, and what is more, upon the hard ground, and under the canopy of the heavens. I squatted as well as I could against the parapet, to avoid the feet of the passengers, and, fatigued as I was, I soon fell into a sound sleep.

I was, I believe, very much at my ease, for I felt nothing. All at once I was rudely trodden under foot : a cursed load fell upon me and awoke me : furious at being torn from the sweet repose that was giving a truce to my cares, with my fist I lent several heavy blows to the load, which returned them ; for it was a man. We exerted our skill in fighting in the dark for a tolerable time ; a violent

lent exercise of which I stood in no need at that moment. At last somebody passed by with a lantern; it was the foot patrol, who wanted to take us both to the guard-house. I said: "Stop that thief;" my adversary cried: "Stop that rascal." They presented the lantern to our faces to see who we were. I saw my enemy, he surveyed me, and suddenly we rushed into each other arms. "Ah! my dear *Saint-Jean*!" said I to him, "and 'tis thou that joinest my enemies to treat me in this manner!" (*Saint-Jean* was the *valet de chambre* that had lived with me during the rapid days of my good fortune.) "Ah! my dear master," answered he, "for your face announces that you are so, light me then: Are you the son of the [Count de Bonac, or the lover of Madlle. Julie?"—"I am the lover of Julie," said I with transport.—"Tis the other then," replied he, "that is in the right."

“right. He talks pertinently of the fa-
“mily, he knows all their acquaintance;
“they see that he has been brought up
“in it, that he is really the heir of the
“family; but, good God! he has made
“himself known in a manner very cruel
“for you! He had been several days
“watching you dressed in those cursed
“tatters. The master and mistress did
“not seem disposed to bear you any
“ill will, they fairly owned that you had
“been very loth to pass for their son, and
“that they had forced you to do so; but
“the real son, and above all that d—n’d
“*Baron de Noirville*, pleaded against
“you, they have brought all the world
“over to them: they think you are a rag-
“gamuffin that deserves an exemplary
“punishment, for having abused the
“goodness of a distinguished family.
“The Baron wants to get you hanged;
“judge how much *Mademoiselle Julie*
“must suffer: they say all this before
“her.

“her. She took me aside, and has
“given me a letter for you.” “Give it
“me,” said I with precipitation.—
“And moreover,” continued he, “she
“has given me her purse.”——“Give
“then,” said I still quicker.—“For
“give me,” resumed he, “if in the
“dark an unfortunate mistake has made
“me fail in respect to you.” In say-
this he felt in his pockets: the purse was
lost.

Saint-Jean had dropped it in fighting
with me: a man that we saw running
away as fast as he could, had without doubt
picked it up, and was making his escape
not to return it to us. We ran after
him: the fellow got on board some
boats; we pursued him thither: he
jumped nimbly from one to the other:
I was willing to do the same, I fell into
the river. *Saint-Jean* quitted the pur-
suit of the thief to assist me; and we
heard

heard the dog run away bursting with laughter. I held fast to the succouring mortal who was trying to drag me out of the water, and made him fall in himself. "Leave me at liberty to swim," cried he to me. I would do no such thing; he was again obliged, in order to make me let go my hold, to raise against me his rash hand, which drew upon him a very grateful return. We soon felt the ground under our feet; we advanced towards the water-side, fighting all the time. We sunk into the mud; he got out of it, and, notwithstanding his tender attachment, left me plunged in it up to my very neck.

I had arisen brilliant, the heir of a rich family, ready to possess an adorable girl whom I idolized; here I was at night, bruised with blows, extenuated with hunger, plunged in the mire, without a soul that took any interest about me,

me, except my mistress, who would not go to look for me there. I crept out, as well as I could, upon the shore, where I remained motionless with fatigue, pain and inanition.

I know not whether I slept or remained fainting : I felt nothing all night long. The next day, the rays of the sun and the noise of Paris awoke me. I was quite benumbed ; I got up as I was able. In fumbling mechanically in my breeches pockets, I found a little money that had been forgotten by my enemy, whose cast off cloths were my sorry dress ; I thanked Heaven for this, and I refreshed myself in the nearest alehouse.

Saint-Jean, who was no longer angry, came to me when I was going out of it. " For God's sake ! get out of the way," said he to me ; " they have obtained a "*lettre de cachet* to have you thrown into

“some dungeon. The tipstaffs are at
“your heels, and your poor *Mademoi-*
“*selle Julie* is shut up by her father,
“upon bread and water, in a room un-
“der ground, till such time as you are
“taken up, or that it is certain you have
“quitted France. Out of pity to your-
“self and to her, fly.” At this news I
felt my heart so oppressed, that I had the
greatest difficulty in replying to him :
“I fly, let *Julie* be at liberty. Assure
“the monster that I am quitting
“France.” I accordingly went out of
the *Porte Saint-Bernard*, concerning my-
self very little whether they stopped me
or not, and desiring, in my soul, nothing
but the deliverance and happiness of my
dear *Julie*.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER,

BOOK III.

OBLIGED to quit the kingdom, I took the road to Italy, flying at a great rate from all that I loved, wandering night and day upon the highway, without fear of attracting the robbers. The money I had found in my breeches pocket, conducted me, still running, as far as *Parma*, where I met with a great number of Frenchmen. I halted there, resolved to make my fortune, by beginning to beg; for I was nearly reduced to this extremity. However I played a part more noble; I was charged with the education of a few

pupils; in a little time I saw myself dressed, and what is more, in laced cloths; and having my mind no longer uneasy about finding a subsistence, I thought no more of any thing but my *Julie*.

One day, happening to be at Court, which was then at *Colorna*, I was invited to go to *Casalmaggiore*, at a little distance from there, upon the territories of the Empress Queen, to see a comic opera. Having crossed the *Pô*, we found, upon our landing, a great many people by the water-side, and some soldiers observing us. An officer appeared surprised on seeing me, and exclaimed: "'Tis him." Several others surveyed me and said the same thing. They came and apprehended me on the part of her majesty.

I knew not what all this meant; but I soon divined, through the gibberish, half

half French and half German, that they apprehended me as a deserter. I immediately conjectured that the fellow whose figure I bore, so smartingly for me, might have been enlisted in these troops, and desert. "Ah! cursed figure," cried I, "how dearly dost thou make me pay for the short advantage I have had in resembling thee!" They put me in a dungeon, and I soon underwent an examination.

I was thereby confirmed in my conjecture. For my justification, I related the history of the striking resemblance that had caused so many incidents. "Gentlemen," added I, "the fellow that I resemble is your deserter, go and look for him at Paris; I will give you his address." They took my history for a fable, and it had all the air of one. However the affair was serious, and hindered me for some hours, from thinking

thinking of my *Julie*, in order to find out the means of saving my life.

Plunged in my reflections, I had not remarked a young soldier of an agreeable countenance, who was a prisoner in the same dungeon as me. I threw myself upon a sorry bedstead; he came and sat down beside me. I discovered in his eyes a certain air of tenderness and compassion that interested me. His voice was affecting, and his physiognomy bore an impression of virgin sweetness, that would have done honour to a young girl. He pitied me on account of my imprisonment, and related to me the cause of his. He was really a deserter, and found himself in a situation to expect death; but he gave himself no concern about it. "I have sure means," said he, "of escaping from the execution they are preparing for me." I understood nothing of his means. The night

night came; we supped gaily *tête-à-tête*; I had a little money, which made us have pretty good cheer. The gaiety of my comrade inspired me in spite of myself. At last we went to bed together; he would at least leave our lamp burning. *La Rose* (this was the lad's name) sometimes squeezed my hand and sighed. I did not comprehend any thing of his manners, which appeared more reserved, more timid, and yet more passionate than they ought to be between men. In short, I thought I perceived, by the glimmering of our lamp, that his breast appeared elevated like that of a woman. The delicacy of his features, and his tender embarrassment, had already given me some suspicion.

It was indeed a girl; a very pretty girl. Here some gentlemen readers will imagine that I profited by the occasion; others, more scrupulous, will expect
from

from me a certain heroism of prudence; as for me, who do not think I ought to boast either of a good intrigue or a good action, I leave this article to the conjectures of my readers; and I retrench myself in a modest silence.

They came and tore me from the arms of my *Venus*, to conduct me to a court-martial. I was there unanimously recognized for *Wilson*, and as such, condemned to be shot. I appealed from this sentence to the Queen, and I know not why it did not make on me the impression it ought to have made. I could not fancy that I was to die. They reconducted me to the dungeon. I was so little concerned, that I passed some agreeable moments with *Rose*. The Chaplain of the regiment came to confess me; I was in a bed without curtains, but beside a pretty girl: I received him gaily, and I protested to him so strongly that

that I was not the person they took me for, that he promised to interest himself in my favour; indeed, I obtained from his entreaties that the execution should be suspended.

I remained for some time in this dungeon with my companion of captivity; she confided to me the reasons which had induced her to embrace the profession of arms. One easily conceives that she had suffered herself to be debauched by a fellow, who having carried her away from the house of her parents, had soon abandoned her to enlist himself. Not knowing what to do to live, she had embraced the same determination as him, taking care to disguise herself. He had been shot very recently for the crime of desertion; and as she had deserted with him, she had suspended her own execution, by promising to reveal, in a few days, a secret that should infallibly save her from death.

death. It was that of her sex; she deferred this avowel, because she had written to her parents to implore their commiseration, painting to them the situation she was in; she hoped they would use their efforts that their daughter might be restored to them, when she should make herself known, and that she should get quit by being put into a convent, where she promised herself to cry and expiate her faults. The bottom of her soul was honest; she merited attachment and a better fate. From day to day retirement dissipated the sun burning that had veiled her charms, and restored her fairness. She became a very striking *brunette*. I found means to get some women's garments which she was pleased to wear, at night, to please me. I really attached myself to her, and the joy with which she inspired me, made the balm of health pass into my soul.

Whilst

Whilst I was amusing myself in such unaccountable circumstances, my friends at *Parma* were under the most cruel alarms on my account; and to save me, they followed a plan quite different to mine. I was endeavouring to prove that I was not *George Wilson*, called *Belle-Fleur*, it was under this fatal name my death was conspired at; they, on the contrary, thought it was shorter to acknowledge that I was *George Wilson*, called *Belle-Fleur*, and to endeavour to obtain my pardon under that name.

My trial continued, and I persisted in a denial. Somebody remembered that the fatal *Belle-Fleur*, had been some time beloved by one of the first ladies of the place. They produced me before her: at the first glance of her eye she took me for her lover, and asked permission to pass a few moments alone with me, which was granted her.

As

As soon as we were *tête-à-tête*, she said, embracing me: "Unfortunate youth! what resolution hast thou taken? Couldst thou commit an imprudence that is about to cost thee thy life? but I don't love thee the less; I will do all I possibly can to save thee." At these words, her eyes swimming with delight, she seemed to expect from me some marks of tenderness, to which I was not at all disposed in a confrontation. She was very pretty; but the airs I saw her assume, were by no means suited to the circumstance, and could inspire me with no inclination. "Ah!" said she at last, piqued at my coldness; "no, thou art not *Belle-Flour*, he would have shown me more love." And as she saw that I remained motionless: "Be who thou wilt," added she, "it gives me little concern." Thereupon she herself opened the door to the soldiers, and said to them: "I dont know this
man;

“man; do with him what you please.” Saying this, she went away furious. The report was made to the court-martial, and upon the testimony of this woman, I was unanimously acknowledged not to be *George Wilson*, called *Belle-Fleur*.

In this moment arrived, from *Vienna*, the pardon of *George Wilson*. My friends, who had obtained it, and who had come post to bring it me, embraced me with transport. After having received them as friends to whom I was indebted for my life, I presented to them my charming *Rose*, who was pleased to wear, in their presence, the dress of her sex, in which she was adorable. Considering myself as at liberty, and upon the point of going out of prison, I was not willing to quit this amiable girl, without making with her a joyful repast. I had an excellent supper brought, during which we were of a gaiety quite ravishing.

vishing. It was at last necessary to go. My liberty was, I thought, infallible. As *Wilson*, I had my pardon; acknowledged not to be him, they ought to have asked me a thousand pardons, and opened the door me. They opened it to my friends to go out; but for me, it was quite another thing; they detained me. I was not *Wilson*, it was the pardon of that person which was come. I know not what these good Germans did with their understandings; they could not comprehend that, since I was not *Wilson*, they had no right to detain me. These people, who had apprehended me without any order from the Court, thought they could not set me at liberty without orders from that quarter. "We must write to *Vienna*," said they to me: and, till the answer came, I was obliged to remain with my *Rose*, who perhaps was not sorry for it.

In

In the mean time I was attacked by a high fever, which soon brought me within an inch of the grave. *Rose* paid me all the attention I could expect from the most passionately fond mistress. Every hour I fell into frightful swoons: I had suffered so much, for some years past, that nature was undoubtedly tired of supporting me. I felt myself exhausted with extreme weakness. At last, one fine evening as my *Rose* was making me eat some broth, I all of a sudden saw every object turn and become confounded; my sight was extinguished, my heart failed; I fell into annihilation.

Where then was my soul? I know not. They call this a trance; what then is death? I am ignorant how long I remained in this state. At length I awoke; I rolled my eyes, and I perceived, at first, a lamp suspended to a vault. I discovered I was in a church; I felt that my

my hands were bound with a ribband and clasped a little crucifix. My two great toes weretied in the same manner. I saw myself covered with a cloak of blue linen, and bound with a great white string. They had put on my head a crown of artificial flowers. In short, I was in a coffin, with my face uncovered, according to the mode of Italy. I was passing the night in a church, in order to be buried as soon as the day should appear. This awaking was not at all pleasant; but it came very opportunely.

I had nothing but my eyes at liberty: I rolled them about with difficulty. My blood was congealed: not one of my limbs could stir. In the mean time I heard a noise with which the vault resounded. I saw two monks coming, their eyes sparkling: they had each a naked dagger in their hands. I would at first have asked them for assistance; but

but my voice was still extinguished, and my tongue motionless.

I am ignorant why these friars came so late into the church. One of them appeared to look every where about the temple, to see if nobody was there; he perceived, in a confessional, a young girl, who started out of her sleep. She threw herself at his feet, asking him pardon for being, at so unreasonable an hour, in this holy place. It seems that this was a girl of bad character, who, for want of an asylum, had taken shelter in this church, where she had fallen asleep. The *Pater* did not treat her with rigour; and, while he was conversing in a friendly manner with her, the other came towards me with his dagger. I cannot guess what was his motive: he wished to have my heart, and I thought I discovered, by his discourse, that he flattered himself

with composing a charm of it, I know not for what end.

This dreadful spectre lifted up my scapulary, uncovered my breast, and felt, with the point of his knife, upon my naked flesh, for the place where he was going to open my body. The force of danger overcomes all obstacles. I cried out, "*Stop, God sees thee,*" and I rose up at one spring. Had you seen my dissector, pale, his mouth open, motionless and frozen as a statue; the other monk and his fair companion surprised and petrified in the middle of their conversation.....it would make an excellent subject for a painting. I touched the arm of the maker of charms; he gave a terrible shriek, as if he had been put to the torture, and ran away, tumbling over the two talkers, who had fallen backwards. I approached them; they
got

got up howling: the three personages tumbled one over the other into the grave that was open for me, got up again as they could, and made their escape with their heads broke. The sacristan, awoke by their cries, arose. The alarm bell was rung; they cried out fire; all the convent was on foot. Our two nocturnal thieves said they had seen a foul; that death had spoke in the church. The question was to verify this prodigy; but nobody durst enter there. They went to fetch the guard: all the chapter dressed themselves in their sacerdotal habits. The monks, supported by the soldiers, entered in procession and in battalion. They perceived me; every body trembled and wished to fly. They advanced towards me; the priests threw holy water at me, the soldiers levelled their pieces. At last the prior, in a trembling voice, *abjured* me in Latin, in the name of the living God, to

declare whether I came from heaven, from hell, or from purgatory.

I answered them immediately, "What! don't you know whence I come? Is it not you that have brought me here? I had, undoubtedly, fallen into a trance; you believed I was dead. I am alive, thank God; open the doors to me, and let me decamp." The soldiers then broke out into loud fits of laughter, and said to the monks, "We swear to you that you are all fools." The good gentry indeed had very much that air.

The officer, who had perceived the girl, cried out, "How came these two brothers to be at night in the church with this vixen? Fathers, give them up to me, that I may have them flogged upon the bench for the diversion of our regiment."

The

The monks delivered the girl to the grenadiers, who amused themselves with whipping her in their presence with leather straps. As for their brethren, they wished to punish them themselves, imagining that they had committed the fault which appearances seemed to indicate. They condemned them to be horse-whipped regularly twice a day, and shut up under ground upon bread and water. Grace operated by this rigorous method; our two poor hermits, in order to get out of prison, were reduced to become saints. Indeed, I have learned, since, that, at the end of a year, they had been found so well converted, (without doubt their conduct was not heretofore very regular) that they had been taken out of prison, and placed at the head of a fraternity of flagellants, where they amused themselves in returning to their votaries the lashes they had received. As for the girl, she was used so ill that she was carried to

the *Hôtel Dieu*: she also piqued herself on being a saint, and went from the hospital into a convent, where she was received as a converted sifter. She was since in such reputation of sanctity, that she was talked of in all the neighbourhood at more than twenty paces round.

Let us return to myself. The grenadiers having left me as a pledge to the good people, the monks opened the church door to me, and sent me away dropping with holy water. It was not yet daylight; I knew not where to go, not being acquainted in this place but with the prison. I was very sensible that I ran no risk in returning there; besides, my *Rose* attracted me: thither I repaired. The centinel I found at the door was a Swiss: this man was never surprised at any thing; my funeral habit astonished him not. "Who are you?" said he to me. I replied that I was a prisoner whom they had taken for a deserter; that
in

in expectation of the answers from *Vienna* I had fallen into a trance, and that they had carried me into church, thinking me dead, that on coming to myself again, I voluntarily returned into prison, to wait for the orders of the Queen. "What!" said the Swiss to me, "you are that dead man they buried yesterday! I have no orders to receive dead men here."

I spoke to the officer upon guard, who said to me, "Sir, you are dead for us. So much the better for you, if you are come to life again; you have nothing more to do with the regiment."

It was not in my power, by dint of prayers, to gain admittance into the prison. I knew not where to seek an asylum: the day began to break. I strolled about the streets, without knowing whither I was going. Those who met me in these accoutrements, ran away with a horrible fear; but the

children, at first frightened, by degrees grew so bold at my heels, that they began, for pastime, to throw dirt at me; I fled, amidst their hootings, with my crown, my penitent's habit, my hands bound, and my crucifix.

In the meantime *Rose* had suffered herself to be brought to trial, condemned and almost executed. She had declared her sex only at the very last extremity: this avowal had procured her her pardon and her liberty; and as she had confessed that she was the daughter of a gentleman of the place, the officers, who had just ordered her death, by a revolution very natural, had all of a sudden formed about her a circle of adorers, who had undertaken to conduct her back to her father's house. I met her with this retinue, while I was with mine, that is to say, with the blackguards, that my funeral habit drew after me. This charming mad creature saw me without surprise, and

and held out her arms to me bursting with laughter. "Ah! my dear friend, "thou art not buried then?" said she to me.—"Ah! my *Rose*," replied I to her, "thou hast not been shot through "the head then?"

I embraced her with transport; they unbound my hands, and stopped the children that were pursuing me; the officers placed me in the middle of them; they made me relate my history, which they listened to with the greatest attention; at every instant *Rose* embraced me, saying, "Gentlemen, excuse this "liberty, my dress permits it still: "*Merveil*, come with me to my father's, "he will take care of thee; thou wilt "help us to appease him. I am convinced I shall have a furious scene to "encounter. You must, gentlemen, be "my advocates." They all swore they would be her knights.

We went all together to the house of her father; it was still very early in the morning; they made him get up. We all went up stairs to his chamber to surprise him; he leaped out of bed and received us in his shirt. He saw enter a young foldier, with his hat flapped over his face, the friar his confessor on one side, me on the other with my funeral dress, a crowd of officers and grenadiers about him. *Rose* timidly took off her hat and threw herself at her father's feet. The old man, irritated at her errors, furious at seeing her in this situation, wanted to split her head with his chamber-pot, which was an Etruscan vase, for the good man was an antiquarian. They restrained his blows. The chaplain addressed him a pathetic discourse, and said to him in bad German, which he did not understand: "The God who
"has given you a daughter, commands
"you not to leave her in the hands of soldiers:

“diers : you must therefore receive her
“into your house, and upon no confi-
“deration use her ill. Here is a dead
“man,” added he, pointing to me,
“who has passed a fortnight with her in
“her dungeon, who has been witness
“to her repentance and can attest it to
“you.”

The father looked at me, and could not understand any thing from my dress. His fury revived; he lifted up the unlucky pot over his daughter's head. I presented myself to him like a ghost that froze him. “And who art thou?” cried he, figure of the other world. In saying these words, he let fall upon himself the water from his vase. He perceived this, and threw it with fury upon the floor, splashing the legs of several officers, who like true Germans, lifted up their canes to him, with an energetic language analogous to the action.

He bowed his head to the storm, received some strokes and pretended not to have felt them.

With this efficacious remonstrance they made him hear reason very politely; they proved to him in unintelligible language, mixed with Italian, German, and Hungarian, that he ought to forget every thing. They related to him my history and that of his daughter. They swore to him that he must take his daughter home again, and take me with her, because I was a poor unkennelled devil, who did not know where to put my head. They accompanied all these exhortations with blasphemies in the three languages, still gesticulating with their canes.

Every body went away, leaving us with the old man naked, and wet with an asperision not of the pleasanter sort:

his

his daughter fell upon her knees amidst the remnants of his broken vase, and the water that had run from it; and me, I was posted before him in my funeral apparel; we all three remained motionless in these attitudes.

At length, the father a little calmed, said to his daughter: "Rise up; go and take off that masquerade dress; let your sister lend you some cloths? I will let you know your fate, when you appear in the dress of your sex." *Rose* got up quite ashamed, gave me a sly look, and went to change her equipage. "And you, Sir," said he to me at last, "what do you want with me?—" "Alas! Sir," answered I, "they have related to you how a fatal resemblance has caused me to be taken for a deserter, how the error has been discovered, how they carried me to church, believing me dead, and how I came

"to

“to myself. I can come to no other
“determination than to return to my
“own country; but, after the crisis and
“the dangerous illness I have just suf-
“fered, I shall want, to recover myself,
“some days repose. You owe me no-
“thing, but I am destitute. If you
“deign to keep me till I have received
“answers and supplies from *Parma*, I
“shall accept your advances with gra-
“titude, and will satisfy them.

“Sir,” replied he to me, “I am in-
“capable of behaving improperly to a
“worthy man, who happens to be in
“your situation. Make yourself easy
“at my house as long as you have occa-
“sion; I shall have a pleasure in oblig-
“ing you.” Immediately he gave or-
ders that the chamber of *Ninette*, his
second daughter, should be got ready
and that I should be shown into it;
which was very soon executed. They
made

made me drink some cordials, and they administered to me, with the greatest humanity, all the assistance I stood in need of.

After dinner, the father came into my room: "Sir," said he to me, "you appear to me an honest man; I think I may confide in you. You saw, they say, my daughter in her prison; what think you now of her disposition?" I assured him with all my heart that I thought his daughter had an excellent disposition at the bottom; that it would be a pity to shut up in a cloister a charming girl: capable of making a man and a family happy. "Well, Sir," resumed he, "I must tell you all. There is in this place a rich merchant, an honest civil man, but of an understanding rather confined, over head and ears in love with her. He is tired of getting money, and thinks of obtaining

“obtaining some decorations.—He
“wishes to begin by an alliance with my
“family, because he considers as a great
“honour for him to marry the daugh-
“ter of a gentleman. He tells me in
“his plain style: *I don't want money, I*
“*only want a little honour.* I am igno-
“rant how much my daughter is capable
“of bringing him in marriage?—he
“burns to marry her, in spite of her
“wanderings. I cannot get rid of her
“in a better way; but she must go and
“purify herself a little in a convent, to
“let die away of its own accord the tit-
“tle-tattle that will for some little time
“shower down upon her character.”

I thoroughly approved all he project-
ed: he did not delay carrying it into
execution. In the afternoon *Mademoiselle*
Rose received intimation to go to a
convent. She regarded me with a sup-
pliant air: my eyes, the language of
which

which she understood, gave her hopes. She got into the carriage to repair to the place of her retirement. Her lover happened to be on the road she passed, and saluted her with so much eagerness, that his foot slipped, and he fell with his nose in the dirt; which made the sorely afflicted *Rose* laugh very heartily.

The belle would willingly have embraced me before her departure: I had the same wish, for I loved her with all my heart (without affecting my love for *Julie*); but that was not possible: her young sister *Ninette*, who appeared at least as sly as her, observed our looks. I read in those of this little roguish girl that she guessed our thoughts, and promised to make me amends for what I lost by *Rose*. The latter read equally well in the eyes of her youngest sister, and darted at her a regard of jealousy and indignation, that announced to me an additional

additional grief she was carrying to her convent. The poor girl went away sighing; she looked at me with uneasiness, to see how I took the advances of her sister: my eyes answered her with all the tenderness that was necessary to tranquillize her.

Ninette appeared enchanted at her departure; at supper, she was charmingly gay. She had eyes of fire that disconcerted me, in spite of the childish frankness which they not yet lost: for, in short, this young person led astray by the first impressions that struck her heart, not being yet versed in combating or disguising her inclinations, abandoned herself to them without scruple, without even giving them a thought, and deviated from virgin reserve and modesty, only by a sort of innocence, or at least ingenuousness. She installed me in her chamber, told me it

was

was hers, showed me her bed, and even the very place where she generally placed her head. She wished me a peaceable sleep; asked me if I ever had any dreams: "*Ninette*," said she to me, "will make no part in yours." At these words she went away, stifling a gentle sigh, and glancing at me a look which, with a sort of candour worthy of her age, sparkled with the fire of desire, and put me beside myself. I had need of a singular effort to conceal my secret transports, and restrain my too lively caresses, which she would, perhaps, have suffered with the greatest sincerity imaginable. I went to bed thinking of her. "What an ardent girl!" said I to myself. "And her parents have the simplicity not to notice this, and look upon her as a child!" I had all my senses in disorder; and, if I must also own my childishness, I could not help kissing the pillow upon which her charming

ing

ing face was accustomed to repose. Ah ! I was no longer dead.

I at last fell asleep, filled with this forward child. Inflamed dreams painted her to my imagination under an enchanting aspect : I woke very early in the morning ; the days were at the longest. I thought of *Ninette*. Then (how describe my surprise ?) I saw enter my chamber a young girl in her shift, since I must tell it, who was coming straight to my bed : it was she herself. Let the reader suspend his judgment, I am instantly going to justify her. Her eyes were fixed, and her action appeared to me so little natural, that, according to my conjectures, she was certainly in a delirium, or asleep. She quickly slipped into the bed where I was, and even pressed me in her arms. Judge of my situation. Four and twenty hours before I was in a coffin.

I knew

I knew not what to think, nor what to do. Ought I, like a scrupulous and timid novice, to leap out of a bed in which a pretty girl came to find me? Could I not respect a child, perhaps asleep, who belonged to people from whom I was receiving favours? I felt myself in a painful situation, amidst the allurements of voluptuousness. The door was open; the father came in, saw me in the arms of his daughter, and remained dumb with surprise and indignation. "Ah! Sir, believe I am innocent;" said I to him, flinging myself out bed. At the movement I made, the young lady appeared to start out of her sleep, and I ought to believe that she awoke in reality, and had come to me while sleeping. Her mother entered, and held the arm of the father who wanted to exterminate me. "What's the matter with you then?" cried she to him, quite beside herself.— "Don't you see," said he to her, "your
" daughter

“daughter in the bed of this perfidious
“stranger?” The mother looked at
her quite amazed.

In the meantime the young girl yawned, stretched out her arms, and rubbed her eyes. “Where am I?” said she. —Then the mother exclaimed, “Ah! “my husband, what were you going to “do? You don’t know that your daughter walks in her sleep. This is her “chamber; she has come here in a “dream.”——“I swear to you,” said I then, “that I saw her enter with the “most lively surprise, and that I was in “the greatest embarrassment.”

Ninette, having recollected herself, leaped out of bed quite ashamed; and I do not know whether there was not a little sham, or at least exaggeration in her shame: she then shot away like an arrow, her father let her pass, and remained

mained with me. He made me a thousand excuses for having found me in bed with his daughter, and quitted me perfectly convinced of my innocence, above all on reflecting that I was so lately come out of a coffin.

At dinner, the father and mother were obliged, almost by force, to fetch down *Mademoiselle Ninette*, who had remained in her room, and did not dare, she said, appear before me. I saw her come in with her eyes cast down, with the air of a little *Saint Nitouche*, that had a diabolical malice. She did not venture to look at me during the repast; and this farce, very well played, lasted for some days. She even shammed sick with an address truly singular, of which her alarmed parents were dupes. She appeared consumed with profound chagrin. Her mother in vain
asked

asked her what was the matter with her ;
no answer.

At last, one fine morning, the confessor of this fly penitent came and avowed to the mother that her daughter was inconsolable at the accident which had, during her sleep, happened to her, with the stranger ; and that she would absolutely suffer herself to die with hunger, or with the excess of her confusion. “ I have told her,” added the honest friar, “ that she must renounce this criminal project ; that there is a very simple method of putting her at her ease, by marrying her with the stranger : she blushed at this proposition ; but I will undertake to gain her over ; do all you possibly can on your side that the young stranger may consent to cure your daughter.” — “ Truly, he is very ill,” replied the mother ; “ an Adventurer that is dropped

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“ped from the clouds, a fellow escaped
“from a coffin, who has no other
“property than a voracious appetite !.....Must not one beg him too on
“one’s knees, to get him to accept the
“daughter of a gentleman, with ten
“thousand livres to her portion? This
“is a very pretty piece of advice you
“give to that mad girl : I would sooner
“see her carried to her grave, than give
“her to a man that has nothing.”

The father, who arrived during these transactions, confirmed all that his wife had said. The monk retired quite confused, and went to relate to his penitent the bad success of his embassy. The little person then fell, or pretended to fall into a fainting fit. The confessor, all in tears, came and said to the mother :
“Come and see the situation your
“daughter is in.” They ran to her, and found her in terrible convulsions. They

sprinkled her with holy water, and laid her out upon a dirty shirt which had belonged, they said, to an old priest, dead with the reputation of a saint. They suffered her to give herself some good blows with her fists, and every body knelt down round her, reciting their chaplets for her deliverance. They made a vow for her to *Saint Petronille*. In a word; they thought nothing was omitted.

I entered her chamber, and to succour her more naturally, I took her in my arms: I called to her with tenderness. At my voice she seemed to awake from a profound sleep. She regarded me, and with confusion hid her face in my bosom: then she remained a long time without moving as if senseless. At last she appeared to recover by degrees the use of her senses and of her reason. She spoke with a calm voice, and asked
pardon

pardon with inexpressible sweetness and grace, for the trouble she had given every body, and me in particular.

Her mother embraced her, pressed her against her heart, and bathed her with her tears; her father remained with his mouth open: they consulted the monk and the physician; one said that they must make her say some masses; the other, that they must put her on some blisters, an universal remedy in Italy.

Ninette however appeared quite well. By degrees she got the better of the too great shame she showed in my presence; and re-accustomed herself to me so well, that she became of the greatest and most caressing familiarity. They suffered it at first, not to disturb her in her recovery; but at the end of some days, as they feared the consequences of the too affectionate manners she assumed

with me, they forbade her to continue them. They even made her foresee that, my health being nearly re-established, I ought to be thinking of my departure. Upon this the young lady instantly fell again into her convulsions and fits of madness. The mother recommended herself to all the saints in Heaven; the father wished himself at the devils in Hell. They both assisted her without knowing what they were doing; and I felt that I must think of beating a retreat, in order to cease disturbing a family to whom I had obligations. The disorder seemed to grow worse and worse every day; the intervals of reason became shorter and less frequent; and *Ninette* was at length declared mad by two physicians of *Casalmaggiore*, who had gone through their studies.

The honest confessor at last took pity on the parents who were almost distracted.

ed. "My friends," said he to them,
"the grace of the Lord be with you.
"You would not attend to me; God
"be praised. I advised you to give
"your daughter to the young man she
"loves. You see the state to which she
"is reduced: I have consulted *Saint*
"*Francois d'Assise*, our blessed founder.
"He has inspired me with the only re-
"medy there is for her disorder. Her
"head is turned, her brains are overset.
"She must have a great surprise, a vio-
"lent and unexpected shock that will
"bring her about, cause in her a fa-
"vourable revolution, and re-establish
"her in her natural state. You know
"what is the first source of the disorder
"of her mind. She has been, in her
"sleep, to find the young man in his
"bed: let the young man, in his turn,
"go and find her in hers, when she is
"asleep. Every thing is faintly to the
"faints: besides, you know him to be

“ an honest man. To speak plain. Let
“ him wake her suddenly, by causing
“ her the quickest and most unforeseen
“ start. If you consented to matrimony,
“ I should say to you : yield up her vir-
“ ginity, that she may recover her rea-
“ son. Think of *Ruth*, *Judith*, and
“ other models equally respectable.”

He then misquoted them twenty passages of the Bible, which they had never thought of reading, because such reading is prohibited in their country. “ After this experiment,” continued he, “ if you think proper to make this marriage.....”——“ As for the marriage, hold, not so fast,” said the father ; “ I should perhaps rather determine to shut my eyes, and let her do what a father can never suffer, nor even suppose ; but my honour will never permit that he marries her.” The mother, in this, found her honour coincided with that of her husband. It was therefore

therefore decided that, relying on my discretion, they would leave me, and even, in some measure, facilitate to me the means of performing, according to the plan proposed, the cure of *Ninette*.

Indeed, that very night after supper, the *femme de chambre* begged me, without any ceremony, to go up stairs to her young mistress, and console her. "The little fool," said she, "does nothing but ask for you; she is never so well as when she sees you; and you alone are capable of restoring to her those senses you have made her lose." I went up to her without thinking of any harm. Scarce had I entered the room, before the housekeeper went out, shutting to the door so that the key was on the inside. I perceived this, and had at first a certain scruple: on one hand, I felt that this would deliver me from the fear of being surpris'd, in case any indis-

cretion should escape me ; but as I really wished to be as honest as I ought, I was afraid of incurring disadvantageous suspicions, and hurting the young lady's reputation ; and I was tempted to put the key on the outside : I know not what prevented me.

Nevertheless I now found myself in an embarrassing situation. " Here am I perhaps," said I, " likely to have to contend with a mad woman." At last I determined to accost her. She was in bed, with her head thrown back, her arms extended, and she appeared in a kind of extasy. She addressed to me a tender look, and sighed. The little fire was quite bewitching. Never had she appeared to me so handsome ; she put me into an inconceivable disorder. I sat down by her bed-side ; she held out her hand to me ; I could not forbear impressing it with my burning lips : her eyes

eyes then told me more than my transport could tell her; she timidly squeezed my hand: "Well, my dear *Merveil*!" said she to me with that affecting voice which was hers alone, "you forsake me then? You must be locked in to make you stay with me!"—"Me forsake you my dear *Ninette*!" replied I with passion. "I have never loved you so much."....She sighed; I saw a tear drop from her fine black eye, and trickle down her lovely cheek: I applied my ardent mouth there to dry it up. I clasped my dear *Ninette* in my arms, I perceived that I made upon her an impression which I cannot describe. She did the same on me. She was young; but I was not less so for a man.

"*Nous étions trois, elle, l'Amour & moi;*

"*Et l'Amour fut d'intelligence.*"

The Reader will perhaps imagine, from these expressions, that I yielded to

the temptation, and suffered myself to be carried away into the torrent of happiness. Polite people will blame my want of delicacy; and if I were culpable, I should not hazard such a confession; but if I also professed myself quite innocent, I should find some unbelievers.

Be it as it will, after the first transports, we came to calmer moments of intimacy in which the soul tastes a pure enjoyment. "I congratulate you, my dear friend," said I to *Ninette*; "you are now perfectly cured, or rather you have never been ill: your conversation is too connected, your looks are too peaceable, for your mind to have been alienated by the fits that made us tremble. But what did you feel then? What was your complaint?" "Ah! cruel!" replied this seducing infant, "can you ask it? Yes, without doubt, I have been in a delirium, since

“ since I don’t know myself, since I feel
“ quite beside myself, since, in short, I
“ see myself precipitated into a conduct
“ at which I blush, at which you must
“ be astonished yourself. Ah ! you don’t
“ love me, since love cannot unveil to
“ you the tender mysteries it has inspir-
“ ed me with !” This last word was a
ray of light. “ Ah !” said I to my-
self, “ inveigling enchantress, I can-
“ not esteem thee ; but, though I blush,
“ at it, I must love thee.”

“ Yes,” continued *Ninette* with a
timid air, “ you alone have commit-
“ ted the crime, since my *penchant* for
“ you compelled me to it. I saw no
“ other means of forcing my parents to
“ consent to our marriage, than to let
“ them see, even to exaggerate to them
“ the destruction into which this unfor-
“ tunate passion has plunged my mind.
“ The confessor has seconded me too.

H 6

“ well :

“ well : he has for me a foible that, I can-
“ not conceive ; he calls me his spoilt
“ child. May I venture to tell you
“ what I secretly suspect ? ’Tis that he
“ loves me perhaps, and that, having no
“ hopes of succeeding to please me, he
“ wishes at least to procure me the sa-
“ tisfaction that is in his power. He
“ is always happy, the worthy man, pro-
“ vided he sees in my eyes a beam of
“ joy. ’Tis he that has engaged my
“ father and mother to let you have
“ such free access to me.”

What numberless agitations all these
avowals caused me ! I loved *Ninette*, be-
cause she was pretty and in my arms :
but I detested her impostures, especially
at so tender an age : “ What will she
“ do at five and twenty ? ” said I to my-
self. However I pitied her for being so
far led astray by an unworthy Friar, upon
whom

whom I shifted all the odium of her conduct.

I also feared that the parents, who had wantonly suffered me to approach their daughter's bed, would insist upon making me marry her; I did not wish that a little cheat should become my wife, and deprive me of my *Julie*. "O *Julie*," said I to myself, "what a difference of soul! "Incomparable girl, how vile is every thing that resembles thee not!" These reflections rendered me serious and cold, even beside *Ninette*. She took notice of it, and, by lively and almost innocent caresses, brought me entirely back to her. Our sweet conversation led us on till broad day, which I cursed with all my heart. The noise of every body that was up taught us that it was necessary to think of separating. I determined on it, not to be surprised with *Ninette*, though I clearly saw that they knew I was

was there. We embraced each other tenderly, and I returned to my chamber.

The pretended sick appeared much better during the day; her absences of mind were less strong and less frequent; they applauded themselves, in ambiguous terms, for the remedy; they pampered me up, and took the greatest care of me, that I might be enabled to perfect the cure. I perceived, that evening and the following ones, the liberty they allowed me to pursue the operation; I availed myself of it. The confessor, who had procured me this intrigue, was diabolically jealous. The cure seemed to advance daily; but it did not acquire the seal of perfection, in order that the treatment might not be at an end. In expectation of a perfect recovery, they thought they saw signs of breeding, and the parents felt that it was necessary to conceal their daughter. Besides, for some
time.

time past, they began to observe us with a certain uneasiness, and, perhaps, suspected the sincerity of the cunning miss.

At last it was decided that *Ninette* should be shut up for a short time. It was to little purpose she began again to sham mad, that I might, at least, be shut up with her, they did not so much as permit her to see me before her departure. They took her away without saying a word to me. One evening that I went, as usual, to her apartment, I found only the venerable mother in this bed, formerly delicious, and I flew with precipitation back to my own.

The next day they informed me that *Ninette* was shut up, that they were going to take *Rose* home again, and that they should lodge her in my chamber. I understood that they would not keep me to render to the oldest the same service

vice as to the youngest. I was perfectly recovered, from having led, for three months, a pretty jovial life. I found that it was necessary to think of a retreat; I took this determination with a good grace, and imparted it to the family. They did not exhaust themselves in long efforts to detain me; but they made me a present of fifty zequins, and these good people thanked me for the great obligations they pretended to have to me. I quitted them with sensibility, as my benefactors; I felt that I ought not to endeavour to take leave of their daughters; but I made to the confessor my *adieux*, and my tenderest acknowledgments.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK IV.

I WAS once more abandoned to myself without being much afflicted. As soon as I had quitted *Ninette*, I felt myself more than ever full of my *Julie*. She attracted me from the distance of two hundred leagues, as the north attracts the magnetick needle. Having money to make my journey, I travelled for the first time in carriages, I lodged in inns, and slept in beds. In this manner I soon arrived at Paris, after near a year's absence.

The *lettre de cachet*, which existed against me, obliged me to disguise myself

self as much as possible. I watched round the house of the *Bonacs*, and I soon perceived my faithful *Saint-Jean*, to whom I made myself known. He informed me that *Julie* was in a convent, that she detested my rival, and preferred taking the veil to marrying him. I discovered him himself, this detestable rival; he resembled me more than ever. We might have played admirably in *Les Ménéchmes*. I was so well disguised that he could not possibly know me. I set about observing him in my turn. I was willing to amuse myself, by help of the resemblance, in playing him all the tricks I could, and returning as much as laid in my power, all the mischief he had done me.

I took notice that this gentleman often went out in a smart undress; I had one made exactly the same. Under my disguise I followed this wretch, and
saw

saw where he went : then, when he was come out of the place of his visits, I went there myself, with my undress like his, and they took me for him. I was not long before I discovered that the droll had some suspicious haunts at the houses of three pretty girls. I boldly presented myself at their door during his absence; I was received as himself, and reaped all the advantages which he ordinarily enjoyed. I did not fail, when I had been well treated by these nymphs to pick with them, on going away, some good quarrels, that produced my rival the most boisterous reception, when he came after me, suspecting nothing. He then played the part of *Amphytrion* or *Sosie* beaten.

My money grew short, and this is not astonishing ; but, to procure myself some, I sometimes took liberties which were not allowable, even through vengeance.

geance. My enemies got, what the young men who ruin themselves call, business done with usurers. When I knew he had credit to take up merchandise or money in any place, I presented myself there and had various effects delivered, or certain sums counted out to me. With these resources I lived at the expence of my enemy. "He wishes himself at the devil," said *Saint Jean* to me. "At first he knew not the meaning of a heap of incongruities of which you were the cause, by the mistakes you occasioned; but at last he has suspected that you must be returned to Paris, and, for some days past, he has sent into the field a squadron of rascals to discover you." I redoubled my precautions to conceal myself.

In spite of his researches, I played him now and then some pretty wicked tricks.

tricks. I knew, for instance, that he had I know not what altercation with an insufferable Duke. This stupid nobleman, thinking that it was too plebeian to fight, when one saw one's self insulted, paid fellows armed with sticks, to lay wait for at night, and knock down those to whom he bore a grudge. In other respects, as deficient of wit as of courage, incapable of replying to raileries, he was very much piqued at them. I made against him an epigram, which he deserved in every respect, because he was a blockhead, and had offended me. I myself gave it into his own hands. He very naturally thought it came from my rival, and had him laid wait for in the dark. The next day, the unfortunate youth, who expected nothing, and was coming away very much afflicted from the house of one of his mistresses, where I had procured him a complete quarrel, was assailed by six ruffians, who cudgelled

cudgelled him soundly. I heard of the correction he had received; I thought it too severe; I pitied him sincerely, because I am not cruel, and from that time I ceased to create him any mortifications.

I did more: a few days after an outrageous trick he had played me himself, I met him one night, at some leagues from Paris, defending himself with difficulty against three villains who wanted to assassinate him; I did not hesitate to take his part. I ran one of the ruffians quite through and through, and put the two others to flight. My rival was wounded; I carried him myself to a surgeon's; and as he was without money, the knaves having previously robbed him at play of all he had, I gave, to have him taken care of, all I had about me, without knowing where I should be able to get a dinner
the

the next day. He was not sufficiently touched by this proceeding.

The wretch did not the less continue his researches to have me apprehended. For my part, I sought the convent of *Julie*, and I discovered it. I soon presented myself there, and was very ill received, because they took me for him, and *Julie* could not endure him. I could not get to see her : but I bethought myself, in order to induce her to receive my visit, of begging that she might be told I was not her persecutor, but her real lover returned from Italy. The portress surveyed me very attentively, and with an air sufficiently inauspicious, told me that she believed me, considering the prodigious resemblance of which they had spoken to her, that the bell having rung for dinner, she could not let me see *Julie* for the moment : but that if I would come again the next day

day, I should see her. She asked me if I knew the watch word, I replied that I was ignorant of what she meant. "You are not then the importunate man?" said she. Without doubt the droll made himself known to the woman by some word, he agreed on with her. "Give me one," resumed she, "that I may to-morrow distinguish you from your rival." I gave her the word the most sacred to me, the name of *Julie*.

I failed not to return the next day; the portress asked me for the word, I told it her. "That's sufficient," said she to me; "come again in half an hour." I went away, thinking to return at the time fixed. All of a sudden a band of villains and constables fell upon me unawares. I had strength enough to shake off and disperse this mob. I drew my sword and defended myself. *Saint-Jean* appeared. I cried out to him a word

we

we had agreed on, that he might know me. He flew to my assistance, and helped me to retreat into an alley. My rival was there to direct the blows and enjoy the success. *Saint-Jean* detested him: he tore from off his shoulders a cloak by which he was to be known by the assailants, threw this cloak upon mine, and pushed my persecutor into the middle of his supporters, who were journeymen blacksmiths, and who, taking him for me, worked away upon his back as upon an anvil. It was in vain that he cried out to them: "*You are mistaken,*" as I had myself done before, they saw him covered with the cloak and obeyed only me. The poor devil was almost beat to death and dragged, I know not where, by these honest fellows. I remained master of the field of battle with *Saint-Jean*, who laughed with all his heart.

I took care not to return to the convent to see my *Julie*. I was too well convinced, by what had just befallen me, that the treacherous portress was in league with my enemies. I went home, very melancholy, because I had not been able to see *Julie*, and was without money. I lived for some days upon credit; but I was aware that this could not last long.

One fine morning *Saint-Jean* came to tell me that he had learned that, in a few days, there was to be a profession in the convent of my mistress. A Bishop *in partibus*, about whom I knew somebody was to assist at it, and even enter into the inside of the convent with the ecclesiastics in his suite. I instantly envied the fate of these elect who were to be so near to my *Julie*; and it soon came into my head that I ought to insinuate myself into their company.

I asked

I asked *Saint-Jean* if he knew who was the person that was to pronounce her vows. "I don't know," answered he, "however I have been told that the *Bonacs* may possibly be there. 'Tis undoubtedly a relation or friend of the family.——" 'Tis not probably *Julie*?" said I to him.—"No, surely," replied he, "I have not heard that she has even taken the veil. It is true that, for this year past, I am perfectly ignorant of her fate."

I was immediately struck with a singular idea. I had had, for the last two days, an inclination to put on again an *Abbé's* band, &c. for the double purpose of disguising myself, and living a second time in boarding-schools. "Zounds," said I to *Saint-Jean*, "try to procure me a cassock, and a suit of black; I want to insinuate myself into the retinue of the bishop, in

“ order to enter in his suite into the
“ convent and see my *Julie*. To effect
“ this I must disguise myself as an eccle-
“ siastick. I have got acquainted, I
“ don’t know where, with a certain *Abbé*
“ *Muguet*, secretary and favourite of the
“ prelate: he has the most absolute
“ power over his lordship, and is shortly
“ to be his grand-vicar. He is indebted
“ to me for his life. I prevented a
“ young *Mousquetaire*, who found him at
“ supper with his mistress, from throw-
“ ing him out of the window; he will
“ without doubt have the goodness to
“ present me, as an ecclesiastick, to the
“ good bishop, and engage him to ad-
“ mit me in his suit in the ceremony of
“ the profession.”

Saint-Jean relished my project; he brought me the very next day the compleat dress of an ecclesiastick, and I immediately went in this dress to find out my

my Abbé. The amiable *Muguet* embraced me and felicitated me upon the resolution I had taken of *throwing myself into the church*, very indiscreetly assuring me that my pleasures would, on that account, be more numerous and more sure. I suffered him to believe that I was an ecclesiastick, and begged him to present me to his bishop, ingenuously declaring to him the desire I had of being able to enter in his suite into the convent where there was to be a profession, and where I wished to see a person about whom I took an interest. “Is that all my dear *Abbe*?” said he to me. “Nothing more easy; let us go and see his lordship.” He led me to his apartment. “My lord,” said he to him, “here is a young ecclesiastick, a friend of mine, whom I have the honour of presenting to you; he is a very pretty young man, as you see; he has besides a very pretty voice, and knows

I 3 “how

“how to compose pretty romances;
“ (which I say in a whisper.) He can
“sing, preach, do the honours of your
“house, and replace me when I shall be
“your grand-vicar.” The prelate, who
appeared simple and honest, thought
me a very pretty youth, patted my
cheeks, and associated me to the func-
tions of his holy ministry.

The day of the profession being ar-
rived, I was admitted into the suite of
his lordship; and as I had a fine voice
they charged me with the employment
of chanter. The future grand-Vicar
had that of preacher. He assured me
that the novice, who was going to pro-
nounce her vows, was very pretty;
that he had obtained permission to see
her in private; that, in different confe-
rences he had procured himself with
her, he had sincerely endeavoured to
dissuade her from the idea of a cloister,
to

to which he did not think her called ! that to make her desire to re-enter the world, he should not have been sorry to inspire the unfortunate victim with a sort of inclination for himself ; that he should even have been tempted to gather so handsome a flower before the sacrifice, had it been at his disposal. Such were the open conversation of the *Abbé*. “ All my attempts have failed,” added he ; “ for she is in an unconceivable “ melancholy ; and I am very much “ mistaken, or the little person has some “ unfortunate attachment, that makes “ her give to her God what she cannot “ lavish upon her lover.”

At last we went in pomp to the convent, and the service began. To fill my employment of chanter, they muffled me up in a cope. The family of the *Bonacs* and the *Baron de Noirville* were in the church. I trembled for

fear my function should fix on me the attention of some of my enemies; I felt that my dress did not render me sufficiently unknowable. To crown my misfortune, the curtain of the grate was close drawn, and they did not talk of going into the convent. I waited with impatience for the cursed curtain to be opened. It was at length undrawn: my regards precipitated themselves into the choir of the nuns, to find out *Julie* amongst the boarders; but I was not able to perceive her. The novice who was to make her profession, was covered with a veil: I thought I discovered in her something of my love; but I felt that it undoubtedly was because I saw in all places this adored girl. In this agitation the chant went on as it could, and the master of the ceremonies was obliged every instant to draw me from my distractions.

The

The *Abbé Muguet* mounted the pulpit, arranged, with an exquisite neatness, which might very well be taken for an elegant dress. He displayed the treasures of a chearful and flowery eloquence; he lamented with much grace the decay of religion and the increase of pleasures; he drew the most seducing pictures of the world, and of the gratifications which the novice was renouncing, and he expressed himself like a man who knew them from experience. From the graceful, he passed on to the sublime; he made it appear that the most famous sages of antiquity and of the age were only idiots in comparifon to the virgins who consecrated themselves to the Lord. He in particular shewed how the young person who was the object of his discourse, and whom he treated as a heroine attaching herself to the true science of salvation, contracting an alliance the most august, making the greatest sacri-

fice, was wiser than all the philosophers, and greater than all the heroes that ever existed. They found the preacher as edifying and as charming as the nun of whom he was drawing so pretty a portrait, and his sermon produced him five or six conquests in the congregation.

After the sermon, the service recommenced. I re-assumed at the chorister's desk my part of chanter, and the instant of the vows arrived. The novice lifted up her veil to pronounce them. I heard her voice which seemed to me that of *Julie*. The victim was at first concealed from me by a nun who stood before her: the unfortunate girl was going to pronounce the last word, the fatal word. The woman who concealed her changed her place. I saw the interesting person, and I recognized my *Julie*. "*Stop,*" cried I leaping to the grate with my cope;

cope; and I gave myself, in springing against the bars, a terrible blow that knocked me backwards. They came to my assistance, I was all over blood; for the blow had struck my nose. I still cried out, “*Stop, my Julie, here’s thy lover.*”

The ceremony was disturbed; every body exclaimed, “*Is he mad?*” My enemies recollected me. “*He is mad,*” said they; “*he must be taken up.*” I struggled like a devil with my sacerdotal habits, crying out with all my might, “*Stop my Julie!*” They stopped my breath, and dragged me out of the church. I became furious, and could not contain my rage, which was occasioned by the misfortune of being carried off in a moment in which I could prevent my misery and that of my mistress. They asked the bishop where he would have me conducted. Considering me

only as a madman, he said that he did not know me, and that they might do with me what they pleased. They tore off my sacred ornaments, and carried me, pinioned and bleeding to the *Hôtel-Dieu*; my emotion was so violent that I was seized with a fever; they put me to bed, and I really was in need of it.

I recounted with frankness what had happened to me; cold souls will see some exaggeration in this recital; but I can diminish nothing of the excessive agitation, which was caused me by the scene I have just described. I, perhaps, was inclined to be ill; I became so seriously. Scarce was I upon a bed, before a physician, who appeared rational and humane, spoke to me with a great deal of mildness, to make me come to myself: "Ah! Sir," said I to him, "I am the most unfortunate; but give me, in a word, either death or life; say, has my

"Julie

“*Julie* pronounced her vows?”—“Yes,” cried to me the infernal *Noirville*, who was come to enjoy my misfortune; “she has pronounced her vows, thou art the cause of it, and I’ll have thee hanged, if thou art not legally declared mad. Pray God that thy madness may be confirmed.” At the sight of this monster, it seemed to me as if I saw Hell open; his words were the last blow. I fainted away, my fever redoubled, and I became delirious. This was, without doubt, what occasioned me to be declared decidedly mad.

I was ill a long time, and I often lost my senses. At last, one day, after a fainting fit, I opened my eyes. Heaven! instead of being in my bed, I found myself, stark naked, in a sort of dungeon, with an iron chain to my leg; I was at *Bicêtre*, shut up among the mad people. This was enough to make me so. I had
just

just lost my *Julie*, all that I adored. I saw myself in this frightful state; the weather was dreadfully cold; naked to my shirt, and already sick, I could not possibly live long in this situation, not being really out of my wits.

I know not whether I had indeed raved in the transports of the fever; that might possibly be; but, in short, I felt that I was not mad; and my gaiety, which has rarely forfok me, began to show itself again, when I saw the frightful *Noirville* arrive. "There thou art, villain," said he to me; "thou art very happy to be
"mad; I wanted to have thee hanged;
"I would have found in thee good sense
"enough for that; but the lady, whom
"a miserable wretch like thee has not
"feared to call his mother, has deigned
"to intercede for thee, and, out of
"favour, they have declared thee mad.
"The scoundrel! to dare to make game
"of

“ of what there is most sacred ! counter-
“ feit the priest to disturb the sacrifice
“ of a girl who consecrates herself to
“ her God ! and the base tricks thou hast
“ played us all..... !” The sight of
this hideous personage put me in fury.
I poured forth against him a thousand
reproachful names through my bars ; he
laughed, with malicious spite, at my
impotent rage, which became redoubled.
Not knowing how to be revenged, I
recollected that passage of *Don Quixote*
where the inimitable *Cervantes* ingenious-
ly describes the madmen throwing their
excrements in people’s faces : reputed
such, I thought I might indulge my-
self in a similar vengeance in regard
to this wretch. His ugly face received
all the aspersions. The gaolers could
not help laughing. I myself was ready
to burst. My rage, on quitting me,
passed into the soul of the filthy *Noirville*,
who cried out, “ Kill me that villain.”

——“ What

——“What would you have? He is a
“madman. These unhappy wretches
“do the same thing every day.” He
went away furious, and, according to
the common expression, he sneaked off.

I continued laughing a long time at
the wry face this hideous personage had
made. This was the only time I had
found his physiognomy pleasant. Any
one must have had all my gaiety to
laugh in this detestable abode. The
figures and extravagances of my com-
rades of slavery amused me for some
time, by the burlesque scenes which
this farce presented me. I also diverted
myself with the curiosity of the cocknies
who came to see us. Since I was reckon-
ed mad, it was as well to fill the charac-
ter, and enjoy the liberty it gave.—
Now and then, I set a laughing, ready
to burst, numerous parties that paid us
visits. Woe to him who had a stupid
countenance.

countenance. I knew so well how to make of some boobies the sport of the multitude, that I was looked upon as a charming madman. The gaolers themselves laughed at my follies, and treated me tolerably well. The ladies stopped for hours together before my cell; I recounted them such droll things, I made love to them so pleasantly that they found me adorable. Almost all those I had amused came again, and brought me wherewithal to regale myself very prettily.

Sometimes, after having said the most comical nonsense, I immediately threw myself upon the chapter of reason, and made a philosophical and pathetic discourse, like a man really learned and wise. Every body remained in extasy; the gaolers stood still, with their mouths open. "What lucid intervals he has!" said they. "What a pity that a man so charming

“ charming and so witty, should be out
“ of his mind !” In short I acquired
myself a name. I had every day before
my cell select parties, whom I amused,
and who regaled me. These visits mi-
tigated my fate, and I fully promised
myself to find at last somebody to whom
I could open my mind and make my-
self known, in order to obtain my deli-
verance.

During these transactions, my rival
came to visit me. Though he had my
figure, and that his dress was more bril-
liant than mine, at the sight of him I
thought I saw the devil. “ There thou
“ art then idiot !” said he to me ; “ thou
“ hast not then good sense enough to
“ get thee hanged ! but see that scamp,
“ filthy, stinking, naked as he is, dare
“ to think his figure like mine ! Is it
“ true, *l'Amour*,” said he to his *valet de*
chambre, “ that I resemble that hideous
“ fellow ?”

“fellow? I believe there is a certain
“elegance which certain beings can
“never attain, whatever traits they may
“have besides.....” In speaking so
modestly, the humble adorer of himself
strutted about, and made up faces expressive
of the most tender fondness for
his own person. As culpable as *Noir-*
ville, he deserved a similar treatment; he
received it from my liberality, nearly
with the same circumstances. A large
company were witnesses to his misfortune,
and did not conceal themselves to
laugh at it with me.

He wanted to kill me through the
bars: “Open me his cell,” cried he,
“that I may run my sword through his
“body.”——“Ah! Sir,” answered the
goaler, “you are too reasonable for that.
“His life is intrusted to me: they
“would make me pay for it all the same
“as if he was in his right senses.”——“At
least

“least belabour him well,” rejoined the besprinkled *Adonis*; and he offered money to have me cudgelled; he succeeded in getting it accepted, but he could not prevail on them to give me a fillip; they promised him, however, that the night following they would chastise me soundly. Upon this assurance, he went away with a majestic air, covered with my profusions. He heard me laugh after him without mercy, he turned about, and darted at me a look of indignation.

In this strange situation, I lost not my gaiety. *Perrette*, the goaler's servant girl, a *brunette* of fifteen, quite pretty, innocent and spruce, worthy of shining in the first circles, thrown by fate upon a dunghill, passed every day before me with her pail, to go and draw water. She always stopped before my cell, and I made her laugh. She took me, as all the world did,

did, for a madman; but a pleasing one. I read in her pretty eyes that she pitied me. She constantly threw me something to eat, without daring to approach me.

One day she was bolder. She brought me a bit of cake, and talking to me with the honest familiarity they make use of to people of the sort she supposed me: "Here, my lad," said she, "regale thyself;" and she presented it to me with her little hand. I received it with transport; I kissed it, and devoured it. I thought I ought to take a gallant tone towards a person who, in the state I was pining in, became to me a goddess. "My dear *Mademoiselle Perrette*," said I to her, "your cake is delicious, but your pretty hand is still more so. Let me be ever so hungry, I would sooner suck your sweet little lips, than eat all the biscuits in the world."—"Ha, ha!" said she laughing, "thou think'st

“think’st me handsome then?”—“So
“handsome,” answered I, “that I am
“in love with you.”—“Ah!” rejoined she, laughing still louder, “my lot’s
“a good one; I have a poor madman
“for my lover. Thou art a comical
“fellow my friend; thou art mad; but
“thou mak’st me laugh.” I saw that, mad as she thought me, the little person was flattered at the love my mouth avowed to her, and which my eyes expressed to her still better. I founded, upon this servant girl, all my hopes of getting out of this infernal retreat.

Obliged to court *Perrette*, I tried to elevate her in my soul, to see her with the eyes of my imagination, and to make her in my head a goddess, or at least a queen. Never did the Knight of *La Manca* see the princess *del Toboso* so radiant, as I represented to myself my *Dulcinea*; and in general, I tried to embellish

bellish in idea about myself the whole scene of the objects that surrounded me. "My dear *Mademoiselle Perette*," said I to her, "you that I love so much, and to whom I have so many obligations, grant me one favour; give me your delicate little hand to kiss." She set a laughing. "Thou wilt bite me," said she—"No," replied I:—"upon my honour, you are a tit bit; but I would not eat the hand that relieves me." She presented me her hand through the bars with a sort of fear. I kissed it with a respectful air. The little *Perrette* seemed to me touched. "Indeed, he makes me mad too," said she, withdrawing her hand with a kind of confusion. "Adieu, my friend, we shall see each other again." Her *adieu* was tender, and mine came from my heart.

The next day my charmer brought me a larger piece of cake than the day before,

before, and chatted longer with me. I redoubled my love and eloquence towards her, and the amiable innocent always laughed at my conversation. But “dost thou know,” said she to me, “that, for a madman, thou art very droll, and thou hast a sort of wit. Upon my honour, there’s *Grand-Pierre*, our master’s head man, who makes love to me; may I die if thou hast not more wit than him: yet he enjoys all his right senses. Dost thou know another thing? Thou must, God forgive me, have made me as mad as thyself. *Grand Pierre* loves me: he says he will marry me; he gets a hundred livres a year wages: he is here the first man after our master; he will perhaps become gaoler in time; wouldst thou believe that since I knew thee, I don’t care any more for him? I find him stupid and vulgar; I love thee somehow better than him. But see
“ where

“where my wits are! Me love a mad-
“man! Ah! if thou hadst thy right
“senses like me,” added she with a
sigh, “I should perhaps be fool
“enough to marry thee.”——“But my
“dear *Mademoiselle Perrette*,” answered
I, “can you be so blinded against me,
“as to believe me really mad? Have
“you heard me say a word that shows
“I have lost my right understanding?
“Could a madman be sensible of your
“merit and love you like me?”——
“You madmen,” said she to me, “have
“always good intervals. One must not
“trust to what you say, because you all
“protest that you are not mad.”——
“Ah! my dear, do you combine with
“my enemies?” replied I. “Tis they
“who make me pass for such, in order
“to get rid of me.”——“There we are
“again,” rejoined she; “Yes, such is
“the history of all you; ’tis always some
“enemies that run you down and get
Vol I. K “you

“ you shut up without a cause. Hold,
“ my dear friend, thou art a madman,
“ but a charming madman, and, as such
“ I love thee well.”—“ But have you
“ seen me,” said I to her, “ do any mad
“ trick ?”——“ Surely I have,” answered she, “ and I’ve laughed at them
“ very heartily. Thou art known by
“ every body for the prettiest madman
“ that has been seen for a great many
“ years at *Bicêtre* ; and *Grand-Pierre* has
“ several times said to me, that, if we
“ were married, he would not desire any
“ thing better than to have thee to gain
“ his livelihood. He would put thee into
“ an iron cage, and travel thee all over
“ France : thou art so droll, that thou
“ wouldst make all the world laugh, and
“ procure a great deal of profit to thy
“ master ; and we should have wherewith
“ to live well at our ease.” A fine idea
I had given of my good sense, in striving to convince this girl I had any ! Me
who

who had believed I saw every where that I was taken for a wit, and even for a philosopher, I found myself here strangely fallen of. I could not help laughing at it.

“The project of *Mons. Grand-Pierre* “does me a great deal of honour,” said I to *Perrette*; “but you will perhaps have a little higher opinion of me, when you know something of my “history.” And I instantly related to her several of my adventures, especially those which could interest her in my favour, and prove to her that I was in my sober senses. She regarded me with a feeling and uneasy air. “But,” said she to me, “I don’t know what to think “of all this. If you have not your right “senses, you must be a very clever “mimic, for you counterfeit them very “well.” In saying these last words she squeezed my hand.

K 2

She

She was beginning to grow tender, and I to augur well from her sensibility; I was preparing to open myself to her respecting the means of my escape. We were giving each other some innocent careffes with the most genuine tenderness. All of a sudden the gaoler fell upon my goddess and regaled her with two or three kicks in the br—ch, and as many boxes on the ear, saying to her with the most indecent grossness, “It well becomes thee, slut, to fool away thy time with a madman, when thou art sent to draw water.” My divinity, confused, nimbly fled; the brute aimed, across my face, a blow with a bunch of keys, which happily could not reach me. After this fine exploit, he went away murmuring blasphemies. I cursed the detested barbarian, and pitied his innocent victim.

The

The next day I saw her pass with a basket full of old iron. She appeared to have a mind not to speak to me, for fear of her master; I called to her quite low; she approached me with a fearful air, at the same time looking well about her. “My dear *Perrette*,” said I to her, “you ought certainly to bear me no good will; I am the occasion of your having been treated with barbarity; this has made my heart bleed.”——“How cou’dst thou help it?” said she to me, “he is a brute; he treats me as bad as that every day. One must not mind it; he does as much to his wife, who returns it him well sometimes.”

“And what are you carrying there?” resumed I.——“’Tis,” answered she, “some old iron my mistress has allowed me to sell for my own profit. I am going to carry it to the smith’s, and I

“ shall get for it at least twenty pence.”

——“ And what will you do with this
“ money ?” said I. ——“ Truly,” replied
she, “ I’ve got a great deal more: I have
“ near fix livres savings, I’ll put all
“ together, and I’ll go to the salesman’s
“ and buy.”.....At this word the dear
child blushed, and at last owned that she
was going to buy an old coat for me.
“ My mistress,” added she, “ who thinks
“ thee too a very pleasant fellow, has
“ pitied thee vastly: she said that it
“ was cruel, during this cold weather,
“ to leave such a comical chap quite
“ naked; her husband answered that if
“ thou hadst a coat, he would let thee
“ wear it. I have profited by this cir-
“ cumstance to procure thee one.”

I was penetrated with the good dispo-
sition of this poor girl, and thanked her
as I ought. I soon perceived a file
amongst her old iron. “ Oh ! my dear,”
said

said I to her with eagerness, "give me
 "that file, I conjure you." She drew
 it out of her basket, and presented it to
 me with an uneasy air. "But what
 "wilt thou do with it then?" said she
 to me on reflection. I was at a loss
 whether I should own to her that I
 wanted to make use of it to cut my
 chain, in order to make my escape.
 She saw my embarrassment, and suspect-
 ed something. "Thou wilt, perhaps,
 "get away?" resumed she.——"Well,
 "my dear," said I to her, "should you
 "be sorry at my deliverance? I will
 "release you yourself from slavery."
 ——"But if it was known that I had
 "any hand in thy escape," said she,
 "woe betide me! Thou wou'dst not
 "have me lose my fortune: dost thou
 "not know that I get eighteen crowns
 "a year wages, without reckoning the
 "profits?"——"Ah! I will certainly pro-
 "cure you a better fortune," replied I.

boldly

K 4

Then

Then the little person said to me with a timid tone: "But thou wilt marry me then!"—"My dear *Perrette*," answered I: "let me owe every thing to your good heart, and I will recompense you, when I am able, by something better than promises."—She let go the file, and slipped away, because she heard the voice of her master.

I concealed the happy tool in my straw till night. As soon as that was come, and I thought every body in bed, I went to work groping in the dark. By dint of filing, I succeeded in cutting my chain; and practising the same ceremony on my lock, I opened my door and sallied forth in my shirt; but my labour had required time, and the day was beginning to peep. I was ignorant whether the gates of the prison were fastened or guarded by soldiers; I knew not which

which way to run my head to escape. I went up stairs with my file to the gaoler's apartment, in the intention of frightening him, by waking him suddenly, and forcing him to give me the keys.

All at once I heard them cry out, "*Stop him ! stop him ! a madman's got out.*" The gaoler awoke ; I hid myself behind a curtain : he leaped out of bed in his shirt and went out to see what was the matter ; he met at the foot of the very dark staircase, his man *Grand-Pierre*, who was coming to fetch him. This servant seeing him in his shirt, took him for me, because he was of my height. He discharged upon his head a violent blow with a club, which knocked him down, quite stunned ; five other servants ran to the spot, and, not being able to know him in this dark place, they laid on him with cudgels, accompanying their gestures with such apostrophes as they

K 5

thought

thought applicable to a deserter. They at last dragged him by the hair, in order to conduct him my cell. When they were in the open light, they recognised their master, made bloody by their hands. He soon re-opened his eyes: the brutes asked him pardon for the mistake, and took what care of him they could.

In the mean time I was looking for the keys at the head of his bed: his wife, who was asleep, half woke, and perceiving me, took me for her husband. "Hey dey! what's that great looby doing there about the bed?" said she. "Lay down, if thou hast a mind."—"Madam," said I to her, "for pity's sake save my life."—"Ah! 'tis thee, my lad," cried she; "how the devil didst thou come here? *Perrette* is over head and ears in love with thee; she says thou art not so mad. "Come

“Come into my bed. For the novelty
“of the thing, I will sleep with a mad-
“man: is there any harm in receiving
“an innocent into one’s arms? Be not
“afraid of my husband; I’ll save thee
“from his clutches. Hark’ye, a thought
“has just struck me, that he may not
“know thee. Ho,” said she to *Perrette*
“who was sleeping beside her, get up,
“huffey, and give up thy place to an
“honest man.”

Perrette woke; her mistress snatched
off her nightcap, adjusted it on my head
and forced me to enter the nuptial bed.
“In this way,” said she, “if my hus-
“band comes, he’ll take thee for *Perrette*;
“thou hast only to hide thy face; and
“’tis my business not to let him come
“near the bed. As for thee,” said she
to the girl, “hide thyself, that he may
“not take notice I have any other com-
“pany than thine.”

The maid looked at her mistress with a pair of great staring eyes. The lady, not over modest, clasped me in her arms and sent away *Perrette*, who seemed jealous, by throwing a slipper at her head. This cruel woman did not at all understand how to time things: she was pretty, and deserved homages; but I would more willingly have paid some to *Perrette*, and I was not, in other respects, at leisure to offer any to any body. The time was precious for me to steal away, and I should have been much better satisfied in seeing myself out of *Bicêtre*, than in an intrigue with the goaler's wife.

I was trembling in the arms of a pretty woman. Her husband came up stairs; she sprang out of bed like lightning, and ran to shut the door in his face; he knocked, he swore, he blasphemed. "Thou must hide thyself," said she to me,

me, "follow me." Suddenly she opened a great chest, made me lay down in it and locked me up. Her husband was still knocking; she impudently went and opened the door to him, holding a stick over his head; and I saw, through the keyhole of my chest, that she very handsomely laid on some blows across her husband's shoulders. "I'll teach thee," said she, "to make me such an uproar." In saying this, she turned him out, and treated him like those servant-maids *Boileau* speaks of, who,

*Largement souffletées,
Avoient à coup de pied descendu les montées.*

I heard them both playing away with their feet and their fists at the foot of the stairs.

As for me, I was very far from being at my ease; I fell very short of having acquired my liberty; I was come out of my cell
to

to be locked up in a chest. I amused myself there with eating a great piece of bread I had found upon the commode, and which I seized hold of before I entered my nest.

All of a sudden I saw *Grand-Pierre* appear, who ferretted his eyes about every where. *Perrette* also entered with a restless air. “ ‘Zounds,” said the villain, “ whilst our master and mistress “ are such fools as to be fighting, and we “ are here alone, let us profit by the moment; there is a chest, which, I believe, contains the handsomest and “ best of their effects; I must take it “ away: I’ll sell what is in it, and we “ will marry with the money. It will “ be easy for me to make the suspicion “ of the theft fall upon the madman that “ has escaped.”

Perrette

Perrette, who was honest, wished to make him some remonstrances; he gave her a box on the ear which I would have returned him with all my heart. The poor child cried. "Go," said he to her, "and look if there's any body on the stair-case that can see me." She still wished to say a word; he took up a hammer, and threatened to split her head with it. What a lover! She went to see upon the stairs, and came back to tell him that nobody was there. He forced her to assist him in loading the chest upon his back; happily he did not place me with my head downwards. He carried me into a granary, and buried me with my case in some hay; he then went away, without doubt to cast an eye upon what was going on without, and watch for the moment to open the treasure he had stolen.

Left

Left alone, I was smothering, and storming with all my soul at being locked up. In the mean while I heard a cry of “*Fire ! fire !*”—“O heaven !” said I to myself, “I am shut up in a chest, buried in hay ; should I have the misfortune to be thus burnt alive, without being able to make the smallest movement to escape ?” It seemed to me however that the tumult was subsiding by degrees. Perhaps the voices I had heard cry fire, were only those of the goaler and his wife fighting.

I was beginning to breathe : all of a sudden *Grand-Pierre* came, pulled my chest out of the hay, and broke open the lock. What was I, naked and defenceless, to expect from such a villain ? I made up my mind. As soon as he opened the chest, I darted out like lightning ; I applied my two fists to his eyes, I blinded him, threw him upon his back, and ran away.

I ran

I ran without knowing whither I was going. At the turning of a court, I perceived the goaler looking for me with some soldiers. Before he perceived me himself, I threw myself on the ground behind a clump of bushes which offered itself quite opportunely, and buried myself amongst them as well as I possibly could. He passed close by without seeing me. I heard on all sides people running about; they were looking for the man, the thief and the chest: "Yes, gentlemen," said the gaoler, "'tis the madman who has robbed me; he had the impudence to go and find my wife in her bed, and make an attempt upon my honour?"—"What would you have?" said they to him; "he is a madman."—"No, gentlemen," replied he, "he is not a madman; he has more wit than you and me." They endeavoured to console this interesting personage. "Let us only think

“ think of being merry,” said *Grand-*
“ *Pierre* to him; your chest will be
“ found again, and, as for the madman,
“ the devil may fetch him, together
“ with your wife, who has treated you
“ so well. Away with care, and long
“ live pleasure. We have here a couple
“ of bottles of excellent wine which we
“ are going to drink. Come, master,
“ be of the party. Let us sit down
“ here, without any ceremony, round
“ these bushes; let us set fire to them,
“ warm ourselves and drink.” The gaoler knew not how to resist a glass of wine: the fellows seated themselves round me; *Grand-Pierre* lighted some matches by his pipe, and set fire to the bushes that covered me. I again took my course, I darted out with a violent spring, dispersing fire and smoke in their faces. They remained amazed and thrown backwards.

I ran

I ran like *swift footed Achilles*. I hid myself in another sort of hay-loft : I climbed up, by the help of the racks, upon a beam that supported the roof of the granary : I laid down upon it as well as I could, to remain concealed there till fresh orders, and I ate with a good appetite a great piece of bread and butter which a child of the gaoler's had dropped, in running away. They did not delay following me into this place of refuge : it was still dark : they looked for me in the hay, which they sounded with pitchforks, and I was afraid they would set it on fire with their candles.

I could not however forbear laughing maliciously within myself to see, underneath my beam, the gaoler my enemy, with his arm in a sling, his face bruised, his eyes black and blue, his nose broke, his head full of contusions, wrapped up in napkins.

In

In the mean time the monster-like *Grand-Pierre* brought the poor *Perrette*.

"You don't know all," said he to his master; "I have just discovered that this b——ch is an accomplice of the madman's; she robbed you of a file which she gave him to cut his chain.

"She must know where he is."——

"Ah! thou wicked jade," cried the gaoler, falling upon her with kicks and

"cuffs; thou must tell me where is the

"scoundrel? What! b——ch, thou hold'st

"thy tongue! But I know how to make

"thee speak, come quick bring her that

"brasier, that we may roast her feet."

They obeyed the monster; they took off the unfortunate girl's shoes; she was

without stockings. She shrieked hor-

ribly; her abominable lover took her by

the feet, and seemed in good earnest in-

clined to approach them to the fire; she

struggled in the arms of the executioner,

and my heart bled for her. I knew not

how

how to defend her. The brute, in endeavouring to drag along the victim, advanced positively under my beam. I let myself fall perpendicularly upon him, I threw him headlong to the ground, and shot away. The gaoler had his mouth wide open: I thrust into his throat my file, which I had still kept. He fell backwards: his dear spouse came; she took *Perrette* under her protection, and said, "Ye rascals, if one of you dares to touch her, I'll be the death of him." At these words she led away the poor girl: and I have since learned that she had taken her and placed her the next day with one of her female friends in Paris. I even found her there again some time after, and I got her well married.

To return to myself, I made off, I flew like an arrow. The gaoler's wife called to me in vain: I soon escaped from her

her sight. I found a cart half loaded with hay that was to go out of *Bicêtre*; I buried myself in it, and they never thought of looking there for me : I passed the night there, and fell asleep. As soon as it was break of day, a country clown came, with his pitchfork, to finish loading his piteous cart, without perceiving that I was in the hay. He got upon my back, trod me under his feet, thrust in his pitchfork, and was a hundred times near letting out my bowels; at last, his cart being duly loaded, he drove on and carried me away. Judge if I was at my ease; we arrived at the gate; I palpitated with joy at seeing myself soon without.

All of a sudden I heard another carriage running full speed! our wheel struck against I know not what; the cart broke down and.....there I was upon the ground. How happened all this?

I was

I was buried in hay, and could hardly see. Let it be as it may, I soon disengaged myself from the merchandise in which I was lost. I rushed forward, and was already outside. They ran after me, crying out: *Stop thief! stop thief!*" It was early in the morning. There was nobody in the roads. However a cockney, coming out of town, caught hold of me by the tail of my shirt: the piece staid in his hand. I continued running with my posteriors quite naked. In a little time I arrived at the *Seine*; I jumped into the water, and sunk to the bottom. Fortunately, I was a pretty good diver; I held my breath, and went with the current. I heard they were looking for me in the place where I had thrown myself in, and from which I was already at a little distance. "The devil has carried him off," said they. I was gaining ground all the time, concealed under the water; but

but in passing the *Grève*, I was obliged to put my head out a little, to breathe.

Scarce did my forehead show itself in the day-light, before fate played me a new and cruel trick. They were going to hang a servant-girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age, handsome as an angel, from what I have been told since, whose mistress never paid her; and who, to afford some relief to her poor father reduced to extremity, had found herself compelled to steal from this unworthy woman an old shift, estimated worth thirty pence. A young lover, who felt better than the judges, the merit of this unfortunate girl, having associated himself with twenty young fellows, had torn her from the hands of the hangman; but he had been knocked down by a blow with the but end of a musket. The young girl had shot away like lightning, and finding herself upon the point of being caught

caught again, had precipitated herself into the water, apparently preferring to die by drowning, than hanging. She had soon disappeared. In looking for her, they perceived my head coming out of the water, and they cried "*there she is.*" I instantly dived again, and continued going down, while they were seeking for me in the place where they had seen me sink. I again lifted up my head under the bridges, in order to draw my breath. I soon arrived opposite the *Invalides*. There I got out of the water, in a place where there was nobody. I was quite spent with fatigue, and I had an appetite which might very well pass for hunger. I buried myself in a heap of sand to be hid; for whither could I go in the state I was in? It was necessary to wait till night.

Sleep, my ordinary resource against fatigue and hunger, came and seized me.

VOL. I.

L

Never

Never was there, I believe, a sounder or a sweeter. I had fallen asleep in the morning; I awoke very late at night, by the light of the moon; she was at the full, and spread a clear brightness in the unclouded heavens.

Half asleep, half awake, I heard some people passing in a bark at a little distance: One said, "Dost thou see that head sticking out of the sand? my friend, 'tis her, let us draw near." They accordingly approached. A young man got out of the boat, and, accosting me, exclaimed: "*Ah! my dear Angelique!*" he clasped me in his arms and covered me with kisses. This assault woke me thoroughly, but without giving me power to answer; for my voice was extinguished with weariness and want. "Ah! my friend," continued the young man, "help me to pull her out of this. My dear *Angelique* fear nothing, thy life is in safety. "Here

“Here we are re-united, nothing shall separate us; as soon as to-morrow comes, I offer thee my vows and my hand.” In saying these words, he embraced me, and, with the help of this friend, drew me out of the sand. I let him do exactly as he pleased; I was unable to assist myself, or to utter a word.

The poor young man, who took me for his fair savior from the gallows, had some men at his heels, while he was pulling me out of the sand with his friend. All of a sudden there came some soldiers who rushed upon us, and seized hold of us three; there was no possibility of resisting. They pinioned us and dragged us along all three separately. “Ah! *Mademoiselle*,” said my rascally conductors to me, “here you are in a pretty pickle; but you’ll be taken care of, they’ll not leave you time to catch cold.”

I had not strength to reply, nor even to walk. These gentlemen lent me their arms, and never was politeness more troublesome.

We came into Paris with the dawning day; the few people who were up, looked at us and laughed at my equipage. One should recollect that I had upon my head *Perrette's* nightcap, and that a shirt torn behind was all my cloathing. The children followed me and threw cabbage stocks against my posterior nudity. We arrived at the *Chatélet* with this retinue. They threw me pinioned into a damp dungeon, saying to me; "We will not leave you time to grow tired here." I laid myself down upon a few wisps of straw. Opening my mouth in vain, through the want of eating, I sucked in nothing but air, and yet had the happiness to fall asleep.

At

At the end of too short a time, a gaoler came, woke me rudely, and dragged me before the judges. They placed me upon the criminal's stool, where I had great difficulty to support myself. I rolled about my staring eyes almost dead: they interrogated me; I scarce heard what they asked me, so much was I overcome with fatigue and inanition. At last I made an effort and said: "You are mistaken, help, I am dying with want!" The judges knew not what to think: "What," said they, "a girl who is going to die asks for something to eat!" I rejoined with effort: "You are mistaken!" Let them examine and they will see I am not the girl they are looking for. They ordered the register, by sentence of the Court, to examine; and they saw, in spite of my humble state, the indubitable marks of my sex. The judges looked at each other, and some smiled.

Then, they summoned me juridically to declare who I was. All the answer they could draw from me was : " Help, I beg, I have scarce eat any thing these three days." They found that I was indeed very weak, and that there was no possibility of extorting from me any confession, if they did not give me some restorative. They made me pass into an adjoining room; where they brought me, with some biscuits, a bason of broth, into which I poured a little wine. This feeble nourishment was absorbed in the cavities of my empty stomach; however it restored me my speech and a little strength.

They suddenly re-conducted me before my judges. I then entered with a firm step, regarded them with a confident air, and seated myself quietly. They remained some time contemplating my nightcap, my piece of shirt, and my body which

which stood in need of an ablution. At last, “*Who are you?*” said they to me. The question was embarrassing; it was necessary to reply in not shewing too much embarrassment, and not throwing too much light upon my affairs, on account of the *lettre de cachet* existing against me, and all the other difficulties of my situation. I had heard the archers, who conducted me to prison, say that a fire had broke out at an inn, upon the *Orleans* road, and that they had seen some robbers in the forest. I had, moreover, perceived the curate, my ancient benefactor, who had passed near me upon the banks of the *Seine*, whilst I was buried in the sand, and by whom I had not been able to make myself heard. I thereupon built the plan of my answer.

“Gentlemen,” replied I, “I am the son of a very poor man, unknown when he was living, entirely buried

“ at his death. I quitted his house in
“ my tenderest infancy ; a worthy curate
“ gave me an asylum in his ; you will be
“ able to find him, I believe, *Rue Saint*
“ *Denis, à la Sellette Rouge*, the inn he
“ usually frequents, when he comes to
“ Paris. I have been employed since
“ at the houses of different persons in
“ this town, among others, at *Mons.*
“ *Pesant's*, who keeps an academy, *Rue*
“ *Transnonain* : I have been afterwards to
“ seek a fortune in Italy, without suc-
“ cess. It is five months since I re-
“ turned ; I have lodged *Rue Tire-boudin*,
“ at the house of *Madame Banal*, who
“ has reason to be satisfied with me.
“ (This was the last place where I was
“ living when I was taken up for a mad-
“ man ; I had paid her in the morning.)
“ Some young fellows had engaged me,
“ unawares, to take a second journey ; we
“ have been robbed in the forest of *Or-*
“ *leans* : to make game of me, the rob-
bers

“bers have put me on a servant girl’s
“dirty nightcap. I tried to get back
“to Paris : a fire broke out at an inn at
“*Long-Jumeau* where I slept last night ;
“I got away in my shirt, and I have
“torn behind the one you see me in.
“Not daring to appear in open day in
“this state, I went to sleep in the sand,
“upon the banks of the *Seine*, waiting
“till night, to return to *Madame Banal*’s
“The lover of a girl whom you were
“pursuing on purpose to have her exe-
“cuted, came and mistook me for his fair.
“Before he had discovered his error,
“we were apprehended, and here I am.
“As I had been a long time without
“any money in my pocket, I had been
“a long time without eating. Inform
“yourselves.”

They agreed that all this favoured of
the Adventurer ; but that it was yet ne-
cessary to make inquiries. The curate,

Mons. Pefant and *Madame Banal*, whom I had mentioned, were sent for, and confronted with me. The good pastor embraced me with the most lively tenderness, asking me pardon for having driven me from his parsonage; *M. Pefant* gave the most honourable testimony in my favour; *Madame Banal* wept with joy in embracing me; the lover of the fair escaped from the gallows, was sent for: he owned that I was in no wise his mistress, and thanked the judges for informing him that she was not again fallen into their hands. (He found her since, married her, and was very happy with her.)

All the evidence being favourable to me, and confirming what I had said, they no longer saw any difficulty in setting me at liberty, and I was acquitted.

I was

I was scarce got out of prison with my dear curate who had wrapped me up in his cloak, when I saw the guard at my heels, I scampered away : they ran after me, I flew like a bird. By dint of bewildering the guard, I escaped from them, and threw myself quite out of breath into a convent, the door of which I found open. I have since heard, that they pursued me, because they had heard that a madman had made his escape from *Bicêtre*, and they had judged, from the description, that it might possibly be me.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE
FRENCH ADVENTURER.

BOOK V.

THE porter of the convent not having seen me enter, I placed myself in an obscure corner. Some young novices came, perceived me and examined me closely. "Gentlemen," said I to them in a suppliant voice, "save me I beg of you; I am pursued; but I have no crime to reproach myself with; I will relate to you my history, and you shall judge of my innocence."

My youth and my head-dress made me again be taken for a girl, by these young monks, who were tired of a long abstemious-

abstemiousness from this precious commodity. "Faith, she is pretty," said one of them; "let us hide her up in some corner of the dormitory; we will feed her with what we can steal from the refectory: here's something to spend our carnival with." All were of the opinion of this pious novice; they were preparing to conduct me to some secret place; but they saw coming some old *Solitaires*, who put them all to the rout. The Prior held one fast by the ear: "What's all this?" said he to him. The poor young man knew not what answer to make.

"Ah! my reverend Father," cried I, "deign to grant me an asylum: don't judge of me by appearances. I am of your sex, you may see it. Receive me I beg of you, and I will explain to you the reason of the melancholy situation I find myself in." The old monk

monk softened very much his severe air, on learning that I was not of the dangerous sex proscribed in these sanctuaries. He smiled on me with benignity, and made me take off my nightcap. "Ah!" said he, "now you have the air of a man; I like you the better for it. My child," continued he, "one must not turn away a poor unknown: this poor creature might be J—s C—st himself." The dinner bell rang, and rid me of him. He led me to the kitchen, and ordered me something to eat. He was obeyed.

They did not stint me in good cheer; I did honour to it in the best manner I could, and found myself all the better. After the repast, all the convent came and assembled together round me; I recounted a few anecdotes of my life, and above all the history of my three last days. I was pitied and admired. Some
monk called

called me a clever dog, others a poor devil; I attached, I interested, and the old Prior smiled on me with kindness.

They felt that I wanted rest. All the chapter conducted me into a little room, where there was a very good bed. They ingenuously exhorted me to sleep soundly, promising to let me snore as long as it pleased nature. In the twinkling of an eye I was a-bed, and what is more, asleep. My sleep was as profound as my trance at *Casalmaggiore*.

The old Prior came and woke me pretty early: I was tempted to find it too much so. "My child," said he, "you are now arrived at the second day from that on which you went to bed. We let you sleep all yesterday; two nights and a day, that is pretty decent."

This

This speech made me rise; I felt myself in good condition. I was taken to the refectory, and well regaled. There was no end to their making me relate my history. In pitying my fate, they secretly envied me my intrigues, which they deplored aloud as snares of hell. I insisted upon returning to my Curate's; but they would not suffer me to stir out. I sent to his inn and learned that he had set off immediately, fearing without doubt to find himself again embroiled in the interrogatories of justice. He had left for me a letter, in which I discovered his usual tenderness.

What to become in Paris without money and without cloths? I am mistaken. The Monks had dressed me. For pastime, they had made me try one of their frocks, and they found that these whimsical accoutrements became me wonderfully. I saw that they all regard-
ed

ed me with an air of predilection, and seemed to measure me with their eyes, in order to clothe me shortly with the holy habit. The Prior, after having laughed like the others at my roguish recitals, said to me, taking a serious and mystick air : “ My dear child, here you
“ are saved from shipwreck, in a celest-
“ tial harbour, in the asylum of inno-
“ cence. You must attend to the voice
“ of God, study his designs upon you,
“ and think of your salvation. I advise
“ you, in order to re-establish your soul
“ as well as your body, to make amongst
“ us a retreat of some days ; we will
“ assist you with our counsels, and you
“ will afterwards see what the Lord
“ will inspire you with. Go, my child,
“ examine your conscience, and pre-
“ pare yourself to make to me, at the
“ tribunal of penitence, a recital far
“ different from that with which you
“ have amused us.”

I went

I went into my room to reflect on my situation more than on my conscience : I easily saw that, not having a refuge upon the face of the earth, nor a farthing to purchase a subsistence, it was necessary I should live holily amidst these fathers, with whom one got a dinner, till such time as I was able to find the means of going to live a little more jovially elsewhere. I therefore went that very day, after having dined well, to confess at the Prior's feet a part of my criminal adventures, which he greatly lamented. At every instant he squeezed me in his paternal arms during my confession; which rendered my situation irksome and disagreeable.

I made my retreat very gaily; I was well entertained, regaled, and continually overwhelmed with the fraternal embraces of all the house; for they found in me every thing that was necessary to
become

become a saint, one of the luminaries of the order. They never ceased boasting to me of the happiness of those whom God called to a monastick life, and nourished like his children in this divine asylum. The Prior affirmed that he heard every night an inward voice reveal to him, that the young Neophyte, whom they had taken in, would become one of their greatest saints. He even insinuated to me that in expectation of the ineffable delights which the Lord was preparing in the other life for the sanctified religious, they tasted, in this, a happiness inseparable from a good conscience, and even enjoyed, more than was thought, earthly pleasures; because the use of them is calculated for those who abuse them not.

The young novices, with whom I had formed a more intimate acquaintance, told me that they esteemed me sufficiently

ently to admit me into their amusements. They conducted me into a secret place, out of the convent, from which they got out with the golden key, that is to say with the help of the porter, whom they had managed to gain over; I there saw two young girls as caressing as they were suspicious. (Here I beg the Reader, not to believe I have a mind to persuade him that there are carried on, amongst the religious, similar iniquities; my adventures are *unique*; this is a case apart; besides, he may, if he please, take all this for a dream;) be it as it may, we had with the two nymphs a very gay supper. I contented myself with the repast; I will not say whether the others were as prudent as myself. We returned to the convent, where we resumed the mystick and sanctified air that was prescribed us.

I found

I found this life jovial enough, and I felt within me a kind of vocation for embracing it, at least for some little time. Besides necessity made this a law. I was obliged to fly or hide myself, in order to avoid the pursuits of my enemies. How to live concealed? I had not an obole. It was therefore necessary I should resolve to live luxuriously with monks, till further orders. For this there was an additional reason, which has more weight than a hundred thousand others. My *Julie* was a nun in the convent adjoining to ours. Our fathers, (for I already gave them that name) did duty at this convent. I might possibly find an opportunity of going to see my mistress; and the Prior, who knew my history, made me discover, in order to engage me to take his habit, that he should be able to conduct me thither sometimes. This was more than was sufficient for me to verify my vocation.

They

They granted me with open arms the holy dress; and after having been a beggar, quack, ballad-maker, preceptor, soldier, or passing for such, *Abbé*, madman, here I am a monk; I now want nothing more than to have been a player.

My only pleasures, in this holy life, were to dissipate sometimes in our secret parties. The Prior often asked me what was my most ardent wish? I answered him that it was to see my *Julie*; he wished me to tell him that it was to pronounce my vows. I assured him that I should tell a great falsehood, if I boasted of being so pure in my desires. I gave him to understand, with all possible caution, that I always remembered he had promised to let me see *Julie*. “Ah! my child, what do you dare to propose?” answered he. “Expose to so great a danger a heart still bleeding!” “You don’t think of it; and even *Julie*’s,”
who

“ who knows if it is in a better state,
“ and if, on seeing her, you would not
“ make her lose the vocation which her
“ relations wish her to have for the clois-
“ ter ?” I conceived, by these words,
that he had not my confession very fresh
in his memory, and that he did not think
Julie had taken the veil, or at least pro-
nounced her vows. I did not judge
proper to undeceive him.

In the mean time, not to discourage
me by too tiresome a life, he took me
with him pretty often when he went out.
He sometimes saw nuns, sometimes ex-
ceeding good company. We were well
received every where; for people had a
very high opinion of him; but I never
saw my *Julie*. I was losing the hope of
his being willing to procure me the sight
of my sweetheart, and I already showed
him that I had some thoughts of quitting
the order.

One

One day he made me enter by a back door, a great house which I was unacquainted with. We crossed several rooms, and found ourselves at last in a small closet, that was entirely new to me. He undrew a curtain, and I saw a grate. I immediately thought of my *Julie*; but this place did not at all resemble the parlour of the convent in which I had seen her. It is true, I had entered that convent by the front door. The prior asked for old mother *Saint Anne*, with young mother *Saint Mélanie*. They ran to call them. “You are going to see,” said he to me yawning, “a tolerably pretty professed nun.”—“Ah! will she be worth my *Julie*?” said I to him sighing.—“But *à propos* of your *Julie*,” rejoined he, “you must yet give me some information a little more distinct about her. In what convent is she? What is she? I wish

“to

“to see her, and judge if she merits the
“mad passion you have for her?”

On a sudden the two nuns showed themselves at the further end of the par-
lour; I examined the youngest, who ap-
peared to me of the stature of *Julie*; she
approached, it was she herself. A ra-
diant angel that had come to the bot-
tom of a dungeon, to console me on the
part of God, would have appeared to
me less heavenly. I cried out: “*Ab!*
“*my Julie!*” She observed me through
my monk’s habit, recognised me, and
fell backwards upon the bosom of the
old mother, holding out her arms to me.
I also fell back almost fainting upon the
Prior, who, by way of parenthesis, was
in a real surprise; for he never suspected
that this was my *Julie*. “J—s my
“G—d! what do I see?” said the sem-
piternal mother. “Help! make haste
“somebody, here’s a child dying!”

At these words they carried off my mistress almost in a swoon. The astonished Prior, said to me: "But what's the matter with you then? Are you mad." I cried out to him, for all answer, "*Julie! Julie!*" He led me back almost in spite of myself, despairing at a mutual fainting, which had made me lose the opportunity of speaking to her I adored.

"That is your *Julie* then?" said the monk to me, as we were returning home, "But truly, my child, I must own that she is very pretty, very amiable indeed; I direct her conscience, she has the finest soul in the world. A heart rather tender!.....Why did you not tell me that your mistress was a nun? I thought she was a boarder. Oh! since she has pronounced her vows, it can no longer be feared that you will make her lose her vocation, or that

3A M I she

“she will dissuade you from yours.”—

“Ah! my father,” said I to him, “I cannot live if I don’t see my *Julie*.”

—“Well, my child,” replied he,

“we will not let you die. Who knows

“but, seeing her consecrated to the

“Lord, you yourself may not, in her

“example, have a new motive for con-

“secrating yourself to him, and if she

“may not be a holy instrument which

“God will make use of to attract you

“to him? Go, my dear brother, try to

“fortify your heart, and to prepare your-

“self to brave so dangerous an enemy;

“and I shall see, when it will be time

“to lead you to the combat.” I know

not what he meant by this *combat*; but

this word inspired me with ideas the

most delicious.

A few days after, he carried me to see *Julie*. How handsome I found her in her holy habit! She was very near faint-

ing a second time, on perceiving me. She was obliged to support herself by the bars of the grate; and I ardently kissed her fingers which she had not strength to withdraw. (It must be remarked that the Prior, engaged in conversing with another nun, did not pay any attention to us.) We were not able, neither my mistress nor me, to utter a word: we did nothing but gaze at each other, sighing. "Ah! my *Julie*," said I to her with a stifled voice, "where do we see ourselves? in what a situation?" — "Ah! my dear *Merveil*," replied she, "it is then true that you exist! 'Tis you I saw six months ago, when I was pronouncing, in spite of myself, the fatal, irrevocable vow; I fainted away then, and took that vision for the effect of a dream; but I see you after all!" — "I see you too," said I, "and this pleasure is unspeakable; but you have stolen away from me for ever, Cruel!"

Cruel!"—"My friend," rejoined she,
"do not overwhelm me with that bitter
"reproach which tears my heart! They
"had persuaded me that you were no
"more. How have I wept for you
"these two years! And you always dear,
what has made you take this habit?"

—"And what habit would you have
"me wear," answered I, "when I see
"you with such a one? This would be
"odious to me; but it pleases me, be-
"cause it associates me to you and ren-
"ders me your brother! Your bro-
"ther! What cold name, after the more
"tender names I expected to give and
"receive from you!"

"A'as! my friend," resumed she,
"'tis for my sake, I see, that you have
"taken this habit, to unite yourself as
"much as possible, to my fate. 'Tis
"for you that I likewise took it, since
"it was only on account of the persua-

“ sion I was in, that you were no longer
“ existing. How much we both love each
“ other! But what unfortunate passion!”
The reader must be very sensible that I
shall not repeat the whole detail of our
amorous protestations. Our conversa-
tion was tender; we cried like two chil-
dren; and this was the greatest pleasure
I had tasted, since I had been separated
from my *Julie*.

Judge what a number of things we
had to say to each other after a separa-
tion of so many months. We should
still be talking of love, and crying toge-
ther, if the Prior and the old mother,
whom our conversation did not interest
as much as ourselves, had not thought
proper to put an end to it. The same
palpitations on quitting as on meeting.
It was necessary to tear us both from the
parlour; and I was obliged, on retiring,
to lean upon the arm of the Prior, who
himself

himself stood in need of a support, and had like twenty times to have fallen down with me. I did nothing but sigh, in returning to the convent; he did nothing but cough, because he had found my melancholy figure so risible, that he had not been able to forbear laughing at it; which had thrown him into a convulsive fit of coughing.

In the evening, my brethren dragged me, almost in spite of myself, into one of those secret parties they made with two girls. What difference between these unhappy women and the chaste and modest *Julie*! How this indelicate voluptuousness disgusted me, on leaving a heavenly conversation with my angel! How ignorant were all these unpolished beings of what is love!

The very next day, I begged the monk to take me again to see my *Julie*.

M 4

“ You

“ You are in a great hurry,” said he to me in a very dry tone; “ I am not so eager to go out; for I have suffered all night long with the gout. I would wish to see in you more ardour to engage yourself by vows at the feet of the Creator, than to go and adore his creature; if you had this devouring zeal for the house of God, by which one distinguishes the elect, you would long for the term of your sanctification. I am very free to declare to you that you will not see your divinity any more till after you have pronounced your vows.”

This disgusting impertinence made me jump six paces backward. “ Me, pronounce vows!” cried I, with indignation. “ I’ll go out, I’ll go out.”— “ Without me,” rejoined the wheedler, “ you shall never see your *Julie*; orders are given to that effect. If you loved
“ her

“ her, you would endeavour to follow
“ her example, to conform your fate to
“ hers. Since it is impossible for you
“ ever to possess her, what will you do
“ in the world? A lover, when he
“ has the misfortune to lose his mistress,
“ often dies to follow her; and you
“ cannot embrace the profession of the
“ cloister, to imitate your well-beloved,
“ who has entered into this state of life!
“ Where had this old monk learned the
“ secret of love? I felt in spite of my-
“ self, that he was in the right: but to
“ pronounce vows!.....!!!

However they at last succeeded in
wresting some from me. The unworthy
Prior announced to me that, to console
me for the melancholy in which he saw
me plunged, he would afford us a few
days diversion. Accordingly after din-
ner, we were permitted to amuse our-
selves at different games. There was at

the bottom of the garden a sort of little drinking arbour. There we assembled ; some of the novices began playing on the violin, and we danced very merrily. Refreshments of all kinds were lavished ; we were charmingly gay. They served us up, in the same place, an excellent supper ; we were all young : the old fathers had their party in another place. We laughed, we sang a great deal : the best wines were not spared us. The *Champagne* made us all sparkle with an amiable folly. ('Tis here that I must repeat and redouble my protestations of respect for the religious orders.) We drank to the health of the mistress that each of us had, before we entered the convent ; we drank in particular to *Julie's* : the name of *Julie* re-echoed aloud.

"Come my friend, be merry then," said to me, with an air apparently the most open, a skilful knave who sat near me ;

me; " thou thinkest thou hast lost thy
" *Julie*, thou hast gained her. When
" thou art a professed, she is thine. I
" will not precisely say that thou wilt be
" the master of her person; thou ap-
" pearest to me to have too much deli-
" licacy to conceive such desires; but
" thou wilt acquire her heart, her soul.
" And why are the virgins of the Lord
" born, if it is not to contribute to the
" happiness of his ministers? If thou
" makest thy profession, *Julie* becomes
" thy companion, thy half, as it were.
" If thou quittest us, thou wilt never
" see her: she will be the prey of ano-
" ther, of me just the first, if she pleases
" me. Pronounce thy vows, and that
" very evening I will perhaps make
" thee sup with her. I will be of the
" party with my female friend; for
" I have one who is of an angelick
" beauty; and long live *Julie*! Come,
" my friends, let us all drink her
M 6 " health."

“health.” No one refused; we all drank together; our heads began to turn. Folly seemed to ring her little bell in the middle of the Cenobites; and Bacchus spread his noisy drunkenness under the arches of a monastery.

“Courage, my friends,” resumed the knave; “here it is, this paper which the Prior is to propose to you to sign, in order to seal your engagement; I stole it from him to tear it; but, in your place, I would intrepidly put my name at the bottom; you would sign your happiness. ’Zounds! if you have amongst you any hearty fellows, you will greatly surprise the Prior, when you shall return him the paper subscribed with all your names.” — “Done, there am I,” said, with enthusiasm, one of the drunkest; “I will sign my happiness. Come, comrades, let him that loves me follow me.”

A second

A second signed, saying, "He who
"refuses to do as much, is not worthy
"of having a professed nun for his
"friend." Six others imitated him;
the paper came to me. I appeared to
hesitate. "To me, gentlemen," cried
one of the most hair-brained, "*Gregoire*
"betrays us, I retain *Julie*." They
burst out laughing, and drank a glass.
As drunk as the others, I signed tremb-
ling; they drank my health and that of
my sweetheart.

The Prior arrived, seemingly attracted
by the noise, "What's the matter here,
"my children?" said he..... They got
up, and leaped upon his neck, "Here,
"see my Father," said they to him,
presenting him the paper: "we have all
"signed. Conduct us to church; we will
"there seal without delay our pious en-
"engagements."—"My dear brothers,"
said he to us, "I am indeed going to
"conduct

“conduct you thither, that you may
“there consult Heaven upon the state
“you wished to embrace. The place
“and the moment in which you have
“signed, are by no means suitable to so
“respectable an action. Come, my
“children; but take, I beg of you, the
“demeanor and recollection necessary.” Every one immediately assumed the gravest and most sanctified air. They went and prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar : after a short prayer, they swore to the holy man that they felt themselves perfectly qualified to pronounce their vows. He yielded to the entreaties they made him to consent ; and the ceremony was celebrated with a decency capable of imposing on those who had known nothing of our foregoing party. After so holy an act, we all went to bed ; and I fell into the most profound sleep.

I awoke

I awoke the next day after ten hours repose: and I recollected the history of the preceeding evening only as a dream. While I was repassing in my head this fatal dream, and was beginning to fear that it was a reality, the odious Prior entered my cell with his mild air, which I however found infernal. "Well, my child," said he to me, "have you slept with the sleep of the just? After the sacrifice you have made to the Lord, and the engagement you have contracted with him, without doubt the angels have protected your sleep, and bewildered you in heavenly dreams?"

"What do you mean?" replied I to him with a furious air. "Is it a dream or a truth? Have you been sufficiently crafty and wicked to make me pronounce vows?"—"Calm yourself, my dear friend," rejoined the damnable

ble hypocrite. "What spirit of darkness had inspired you with these sinister thoughts? It is true that in the bosom of pleasure, grace touched you like the others, and that you have pronounced with them the vows which are the seal of your eternal happiness."

—"What! wretch!" said I, seizing him by the collar, "I am a monk! I am, for the remainder of my days, a vile person like you! This is base, this cries out vengeance; I know not what prevents me from breaking your head."

I cried out like a madman! the monk trembled every limb of him. Oh my "*Julie*!" said I, then lifting up my eyes to Heaven in a sort of extasy; "receive this sacrifice; my fate is conformable to thine. We drag the same chain: we are two victims of villains. Alas! I hoped to deliver thee

“thee from thy slavery, to carry thee
“off in my arms, be happy with thee:
“and I have had the folly to suffer my-
“self to be dragged into the snare in
“which thou art groaning.” Then re-
turning to the monk: “Wretch,” said
I, “I will see my *Julie*.”——“Alas!”
answered he trembling, “when you
“please.”——“Directly?” said I to him,
“lead me thither..... but no: I will
“go there alone; I don’t want your odi-
“ous presence.” He durst not make
me any reply; I let go my hold, and he
slipped away.

I dressed myself in my detested gar-
ments, and got ready to go out. I
found at the door the humble Prior,
who told me that he was ready to attend
me. I darted at him a menacing look,
and rushed into the street! He followed
me as he was able, dragging his leg.
Going along, irritated at my folly, I
stamped

stamped upon the pavement. At last the conversation of the rascal who had decoyed us during the repast, came again into my mind: "Oh!" said I within myself, "if what that villain affirms was true, I should in some shape possess my *Julie*. What! do these culpable monks dare to keep up, with the nuns, a clandestine commerce? But no; *Julie* is too chaste to comply with such a scandal."

In the middle of these reflections, I arrived at the female convent. I requested with an imperious voice that they would send *Julie* to me. The portress answered me with a blunt tone and indifferent air: "*Julie* is in bed; she has charged me to tell you that she will never see you any more, and that she forbids you to set your foot here." I remained motionless and suffocated with rage.

"*A propos,*"

“ *A propos,*” resumed the old harridan,
“ she has begged me to give you a letter : I don’t know what I have done
“ with it : good, here it is, take it,”
said she, throwing it to me insolently ; I
picked up the letter, trembling ; I kissed
it with respect, and read it eagerly ;
it was the first I had received from my
Julie. Here it is :

LETTER FROM JULIE TO MERVEIL.

“ O thou whom I love as I ought
“ to have loved the Supreme Being,
“ thou, soul of my soul, thou whom my
“ hopes and my dreams have so often
“ promised me for my husband, who
“ now, like myself, belongest to my
“ God, permit me to bid thee an eternal
“ adieu.

“ Yes, ’tis God, himself that wished
“ I should love thee ; he had made us
“ for

“for each other; he had re-united us,
“in spite of the distance which an un-
“worthy prejudice placed between our
“ranks. He had led thee into my
“arms, through a labyrinth of extraor-
“dinary adventures. He has torn
“thee from my heart by other adven-
“tures still more extraordinary, and
“above all more cruel.

“Alas! this God, who kindled this
“love in our hearts, grants that senti-
“ment to so many other lovers to con-
“stitute their happiness! He has given
“us ours to rend our souls, to be the
“instrument of penitence that is to ren-
“der us worthy of him, if we endure
“this pain. Let us submit to his ado-
“rable decrees.

“O my friend! how have I been per-
“secuted since I lived far from thy re-
“gards! I suffered for thee; this was
“an

“ an alleviation to my miseries ; but I
“ represented to myself thine, which
“ must be frightful. I felt them in the
“ bottom of my soul, and this was my
“ real torment.

“ Innocent and timid, they made me
“ groan in dungeons. Alas ! at least
“ thou sawest the light, thou breathest
“ the pure air. I was in deep subterra-
“ neous vaults ; perhaps hast thou some-
“ times passed over my head, ignorant
“ that thy love was buried alive under
“ thy feet.

“ They sought to terrify me by the
“ most mournful spectacles ; they feared
“ not to revile me unworthily ; I have
“ been trodden under foot ; I have been
“ bruised with blows. They embrued
“ with blood my body which thou hast
“ clasped in thy arms in the days of our
“ infancy,

“infancy, which thou hast covered with
“thy chaste kisses, bathed with thy
“tears.

“At last they gave me the final blows;
“they swore to me, (I cannot repeat it
“without horror) they swore to me that
“thou wert no more. What do I say?
“They lent to this imposture colours
“the most black; they told me that,
“bound like a criminal, dragged to the
“place of execution, thou hadst been
“shot. I saw, as if he had been pre-
“sent, my dear lover, with his head
“shattered, streaming with blood,
“stretched on the ground, ignomini-
“ously thrown upon the dust.

“Ah! my well-beloved, thou who
“alone lovest like me, thy heart will
“tell thee what I have suffered at this
“idea. Sequestered upon the earth,
“I could not remain in a world where
“thou

“thou wast not. I wished, in order to
conform the most in my power my des-
tiny to thine, to live in a tomb; not
being able to restrain my lover, I gave
myself to my God.”

“Alas! I was only thine; thou wast
the sole god I had present in my
prayers. In the bosom of the shades
of night, prostrate at the feet of the
altar, I saw nothing but thy image. I
saw it alone when I was laid out upon
the funeral sheet: and when I pro-
nounced the irrevocable oath, it was
to thee I addressed it; but great God!
in that fatal moment, what did I
hear? thy lamentable voice cried out
to me, *Stop!* my dear lover stretched
out his arms to me.....I believed thy
disconsolate shade returned from the
mansion of the dead to reproach me
with my infidelity, and reclaim his
rights; I fell into a profound swoon,
and

“and I re-opened my eyes a long time
 “after, only to rave with despair at hav-
 “ing lost thee; but, on reflecting on
 “what I had seen, I could not persuade
 “myself that it was an illusion. Yes;
 “said I to myself, I have seen my lover!
 “he lives; I am no longer condemned
 “to a perpetual prison; my hero, my
 “tutelary angel will come to deliver
 “me, he will dissipate, like dust, all
 “the tyrants who hold me in capti-
 “vity. Fall down, ye gates of iron,
 “let me rush into his arms, and fly with
 “him to the extremities of the world.

“I fed myself with these sweet chi-
 “meras. In the mean time, religion,
 “the holy duties of which I was prac-
 “tising, engraved itself step by step
 “upon my heart, too true to be able to
 “counterfeit any thing. It often re-
 “proached me with the criminal flame
 “with which I was burning; and (par-
 “don

“don me the crime) I strove to banish
“thee from my remembrance.

“It was in these circumstances that
“I saw thee come with thy Prior; thou
“knowest the effect which thy presence
“produced on me. Tormented by my
“scruples, I durst not, when I had it in
“my power to converse with thee, con-
“fide to the hope with which I had fed
“myself, that thou wouldst be my de-
“liverer. At last I learned that thou hast
“pronounced thy vows; and I ima-
“gined that I received the mortal blow.

“I remained two hours in the anni-
“hilation of all my faculties. It seemed
“to me that having lost all the hopes I
“had so long nourished with compla-
“cence, having lost my lover, I was
“alone in the shade of a tomb; and
“that nature was dying around me.

“ O my well beloved, I have then lost
“ thee for ever ! We shall no longer be-
“ long to each other ; we both belong to
“ a jealous God who will not suffer any
“ body to partake with him our affec-
“ tions. ’Tis to me thou hast sacrificed
“ thyself, as I have sacrificed myself to
“ thee ; being no longer able to pos-
“ sess thy love, thou hast chosen to imi-
“ tate her. I followed thee, when I be-
“ lieved thee out of the world ; thou hast
“ followed me, when thou sawest me in
“ the cloister. We are both entombed ;
“ but our tombs are separate. Ah !
“ my friend, let us by no means pre-
“ serve in them a love that would cause
“ our eternal ruin : and since we must
“ groan distant from each other, let our
“ sufferings at least conduct us to salva-
“ tion, and not to perdition. Let us
“ sacrifice this life ; let us aspire to see
“ ourselves, to re-unite ourselves in the
“ bosom of God, in eternity. Let us
“ endeavour

“ endeavour to forget one another in
“ this world. How can we do so, if we
“ see each other? Ah! I feel it, we must
“ come to a determination of not seeing
“ each other, even at our last moment.
“ I shall not be able, even on the bed
“ of death, be able to squeeze thy hand
“ with my dying hand, nor exhale in
“ thy arms that soul which was wholly
“ thine. Adieu then, O my well be-
“ loved! adieu for ever. I am going
“ to the foot of the altar to fortify my-
“ self in this holy resolution. I shall be
“ forced, I feel, to recur thither inces-
“ santly, in order to sustain myself in
“ this painful effort. Go thither on thy
“ side, my friend, to gather the same
“ strength: and whenever thou shalt
“ prostrate thyself upon the holy steps,
“ thou wilt be able to say: “ there is
“ likewise at the foot of the altar an
“ unfortunate victim who loved me,
“ and who is praying the Lord to give

“ her strength to think of me no more...”
“But what am I doing ? in con-
“ versing with thee thus, far from effa-
“ cing thee from my heart, I only main-
“ tain thee, adore thee there. Let us
“ go to the feet of the Eternal. Man
“ too dear, no answer. Adieu for ever,
“ adieu.”

I read this letter, and remained motionless for upwards of an hour, letting trickle in silence my tears with which I was overwhelmed. At length the old Prior accosted me. I held out my arms to him, without uttering a word; he assisted me in rising from a bench, upon which I had fallen; he conducted me to our convent. I went, without saying any thing, and threw myself upon my sorrowful bed; and there I passed the whole night in crying and thinking of my *Julie*.

As

As soon as it was break of day I read her letter over again. "No answer," said I to myself; "no, cruel, thou canst not refuse me that satisfaction. Thou hast taken leave of me; thou wouldst envy me the same pleasure!" But what had I to write to her about. In fact, she detailed to me the cruel persecutions she had suffered; she painted the dungeons she had inhabited, the outrages she had borne. She supposed that I had endured similar trials; and me, what had they made me suffer? It was to have wherewithal to live that I had remained in a convent; and, to engage me to pronounce my vows, they had made me drink. Far from thinking of sacrificing myself to my God, they had given me to understand (let us cut the matter short) that they would make me sup with my mistress. These were very sensual things, in comparison to the modest and affecting ones she

mentioned to me: By writing to her things as they were on my side, my letter became the parody of hers. Yet for all this I ventured to reply to her. Here is my letter; the spite of having pronounced vows made me speak in it of the cloister in a manner little guarded, and which passion ought to render excusable.

LETTER FROM MERVEIL TO JULIE.

“What have I read, what hast thou
“written to me, O my *Julie*? “What!
“for the first time that thou grantest me
“this heavenly favour, to give me such
“a stab! I see a letter from thy hand, I
“open it trembling, I kiss a thousand
“times those adored characters, I read
“.....O God! my sentence of death.
“Ah! my *Julie*, couldst thou trace this
“cruel order? What, never to see
“thee

“thee more! never while I live: no,
“the powers of heaven should not com-
“pel me to it. Thou hast loved me,
“thou ownest; thy fine eyes have wept
“for me when thou believest me dead;
“’tis to me that thou hast sacrificed
“thyself.....O heaven! thou hast im-
“molated thyself to me, when thou
“imaginest me in the grave: I am liv-
“ing and thou abandonest me!

“Thou hopedst in me, thou thought-
“edst that thy lover would have
“strength and courage to carry thee off
“from they cruel tyrants; thou puttest
“thy hopes in him, as in a tutelary
“god. How capable was this idea of
“making me proud! And at pre-
“sent thou hast lost all hope and all
“confidence in me: thou deignest not
“to see me any more the rest of my
“life. The unworthy habit I wear has
“then disgraced me very much in thy

“ eyes! Dost thou believe that I can-
“ not have a soul under this monk’s
“ frock? Ah! thou shalt prove it!
“ Cruel, thou wishest that I should re-
“ main distant from thee, crying upon
“ the steps of an altar, covered with my
“ cowl, deprived of the sight of her I
“ adore. I will let thee see that such is
“ not my destiny; that I am to be thy
“ avenger, and not a humble monk.
“ I will go, with fire and sword in
“ hand; I will force the parlour and
“ the grates; I will bear thee off in my
“ arms; and woe be to him that shall
“ dare to oppose me!

“ Thou tremblest at my expressions.
“ Continually besieged by silly nuns,
“ thou hast opened thy soul to their lit-
“ tle scruples. We have given our-
“ selves to God, sayest thou. What
“ dost thou call giving one’s self to God?
“ Have we ever been out of his power?
“ Can

“ Can we be more his through our forced
“ vows, than we are by nature?
“ We belonged to him from the moment
“ he created us; we ought to fulfil
“ the destination he has imposed on
“ us. He made us, not to grow old, as
“ useless members, in the dust of a cloister,
“ feeding ourselves with the chimera
“ of having given ourselves to him; but
“ to love, to make the happiness of
“ each other. That is our lot; thou
“ canst do nothing for God, thou canst
“ do every thing for me. Yes, my *Julie*,
“ *lie*, thou shalt be mine; but I feel that
“ my language revolts thy soul imbued
“ with the prejudices of the cloister.
“ Well! Let us take one more comfortable
“ to thy ideas. O my well beloved;
“ thou wishest that I would renounce
“ thee, in order, sayest thou,
“ that we may re-unite ourselves in the
“ other life. O *Julie*; this effort, whatever

“ name it be given, is not at all in my
“ power. Never will any body be able
“ to communicate to me that strength
“ and that desire; thou alone, mistress
“ of my soul, thou canst turn it at thy
“ pleasure; and thou forsakest me! thou
“ wilt not see me. I am only thine,
“ give me to our God, inspire me with
“ the religion with which thou art pe-
“ netrated; make me wish what thou
“ wishest. At thy voice I shall be all
“ that thou desirest; I shall take thy
“ sentiments, I shall become another
“ thyself. If thou deprivest me of thy
“ sight, I fall into despair, and thou
“ openest between us an eternal abyss:
“ O my *Julie*! suffer me to see thee, to
“ weep with me, to pray with me, since
“ thou wilt; be not inexorable; render
“ me a christian like thyself in this life;
“ and conduct me to happiness in the
“ other, &c.”

Julie

Julie could not resist the idea of snatching me from perdition, and giving me to her God. This rage of converting the men is a dangerous snare, which has overcome a great many female saints. She saw me, and was more tender than ever. I experienced how much devotion adds too the vivacity and refinement of love. Ours was surely of the most innocent; our pleasures were all spiritual; scarce had I the privilege of sometimes kissing the fingers of my love through the grate. I did not see her a quarter of the time I should have desired; but we had agreed on certain ways of conversing at a distance; and we enjoyed a correspondence almost entirely mental. I was charged, for instance, with ringing the bells; she had the same employ in her convent. When I was fulfilling my office, and she hers, I said: "my *Julie* is doing the same thing as me," and we rang

in emulation of one another. We both looked at the moon at the same hours, and I thus made at my window, with a voluptuous melancholy, meditations in which I knew that my mistress was engaged on her part. To imitate her in every thing, I sometimes at the foot of the altar, prayed that sacred God whom I knew to be implored at the same time, in my favour, by my divine *Julie*.

We had still more favourable methods of mutually understanding each other. We lived far asunder; but from my window, I could perceive hers; and we had agreed on a particular language, which consisted in the arrangement, the number and colour of certain flowers, which we placed, each on our own side, upon our windows, and which we could change as long as we pleased. By this means, we made ourselves understood almost as well as by words. We had both in like manner

manner a telescope, in order to see and distinguish at a distance the play of all these flowers. Such was our language for the day. That for the night was composed of squibs, and other fire-works which I procured *Julie*, and which we let off, each on our own side, diversifying them, like the flowers, by the number, the colour, and the form, and indicating, by these variations, what we wished to make ourselves reciprocally understand.

The conversations, as well diurnal as nocturnal, were pleasures a hundred times above those I had tasted in the arms of several other beauties; but I must own that this was not sufficient to satisfy any one who, not being made up of pure essence, but holding to the earth by the mud of his body, could not content himself, with this mental enjoyment. I had, for six months, partaken of these
innocent

innocent pleasures; but their too great spirituality made them evaporate; and the uniformity of the life I led began to hang heavy upon me. Besides, this rascally Prior, at first so fond of me, by degrees took me in aversion, because he feared me, and did not keep me in awe. He began by not choosing to take me any more to see my *Julie*; and he ended by having me forbidden in form to set my foot in her convent. It was an old, four, yellow-faced nun, that signified this prohibition to me, as harshly as she possibly could.

I, with all my heart, gave to the devil the old woman and all the convent, except my *Julie*. I returned towards my unworthy dwelling in such a humour as one may easily figure. Happily for him, the cursed Prior did not meet me in my way, "What!" said I to myself, with indignation, "be covered with monk's habit,

habit, rot in that state ; and to crown the outrage, see myself precluded from the sight of my lovely mistress !

To divert my thoughts, I consented in the evening to be of a secret party, where our young people had introduced, I know not how, a girl disguised over head and ears. I ate, I drank, I danced with rage. The indecent female, enlivened by the fumes of Champagne, would see how she should look as a monk, and me as a girl. We exchanged cloths, and they found me passable in those of the sex ; for, with all my adventures, I was yet only eighteen, and had no beard.

In the moment that we were in the height of our gross joy, and that I was myself beginning to forget the ill luck that transported me, the Prior entered, every body ran away ; they overset the
lights ;

lights; they knocked his dark lantern out of his hand; but the traitor by the glimmering of the fire in the chimney, perceived and recognized me. I thought I saw that the rascal had come to disturb this party, only to surprise me. "Ah! wretch," said he to me, "I know you! After the vows you have pronounced in the face of Heaven, you dare to pollute your body by such a dress! Lads, seize hold of him." Two gigantic gardeners appeared on a sudden, and would have fallen upon me. I knocked down one, I threw the Prior upon his back, by a blow with my fist. I flew into the garden; aided by the obscurity, I escaped from the sight, and from the clutches of my persecutors, I clambered up a wall; the espaliers served me as a ladder: arrived at the top, I fortunately saw passing by in the street, a cart loaded very high with hay, I threw myself upon it; from there I easily

fily slid down, without the carter perceiving it; here was I at liberty and in the street, but covered with a girl's dress, and without money, in the middle of the night.

An old debauchee soon passed, preceded by a servant carrying a flambeau. He stopped to consider me. "Oh!" said he, "what a charming *rencontre!*" "she is a dainty morsel! Come along with me, my handsome girl."—"After all," said I to myself, "what is it I risk? I am strong enough to defend myself, if he wishes to do me any violence. If I find him never so little civil, I will own all to him; and perhaps he will lend me some assistance, when he knows I am a man." Besides, I knew not where to go to sleep, nor to eat the next day. He presented me his arm; I accepted it without any ceremony,

ceremony, and suffered myself to be conducted without uttering a word.

We soon arrived at his house, which, I saw, was well furnished, and announced opulence. On entering, he asked if his wife was gone to bed; they told him yes; he conducted me into a little out of the way chamber, and shut himself in with me. The wretch, without preamble and without delay, threw his arms about my neck, and would have overwhelmed me with his odious caresses. I repulsed him with a determined air. He offered me his purse, his watch, his snuff-box; at last he resolved to have recourse to violence. "Oh! by Jove," said he, "by fair means or foul, thou shalt not escape me." He would decidedly come to extremities. I resisted, crying out to him: "But hear before you go any further, hear what I am." He answered me: "Wert thou the
" devil

“devil himself, thou must positively
“yield to me.”

We came to the exercise of pugilism, that is to say, vulgarly speaking, to fifty cuffs. I gave him a blow that laid him sprawling, just in the very middle of the floor. He gave me some frightful screams; I made my escape out of the room, and ran like a madman, or, if you please, like a mad woman, with a gown torn, and a head-dress in disorder. His wife appeared: she was a matron, whose figure was, if you will, a little old, but amiable and imposing. “Where are you running to thus, my child?” said she to me. “Come with me; they shall do you no harm.” At these words, she took me by one hand; her *femme de chambre*, a young and pretty girl, by the other. I suffered myself to be led into the lady’s apartment. She shut the door, made me sit

fit down, and said to me with kindness.

“Compose yourself, my child, fear no-

“thing; my husband shall not hurt you.

“But tell me the truth, who are you?

“How came you here at such an hour?

“Where did the gentleman find you?”

“Madam,” answered I; “you ap-
“pear to me polite and worthy of all my
“confidence; but permit that, in un-
“veiling you a part of my misfor-
“tunes, I conceal from you my name,
“out of regard to a great many people.
“You will approve me some day, when
“I shall be able to make to you my
“general confession; let it suffice you,
“for the moment, to know that, not-
“withstanding the unseasonable hour
“in which I am come here, I am not
“what I may appear. The resistance
“I have made to your husband, is a
“proof of it. He found me in the *Rue*
“*du Rempart*; I was there without asy-
“lum,

lum, without money; he offered to
“conduct me home to his house; I
“thought there was nothing to fear
“from a man of that age; my forsaken
“and frightful situation made me fol-
“low him. You will ask me why I was
“in the street. I was there because I
“had just leaped by the help of a hay-
“cart from the top of the walls of a
“convent, where I was cruelly ill treated,
“so much so, that I feared for my life.
“I have the misfortune to abhor the
“cloister; I am a victim escaped from
“the altar.”

The lady understood that I was a young lady who had been persecuted to make her take the veil, and who had made her escape. “Alas;” said she groaning,
“there’s what young girls are reduced
“to by persecution! You have a modest
“air, but you must not ruin yourself;
“my dear young lady; you cannot re-
main

“main alone and left to yourself; you
“must return to your relations, or into
“your convent.”—“Rather die a thou-
“sand times over,” cried I, “than do
“either! Alas! I am very sensible that
“decency does not permit me to re-
“main in the street; besides I have not
“an obole to subsist there; if I could
“be aided by some charitable soul, I
“would willingly shut myself up in
“some other monastery; but I would
“wish that my parents should be igno-
“rant of my retreat, till their eyes have
“been opened relative to the cruelty of
“their conduct, and they had been
“made to renounce the design of ty-
“rannizing over me.”

“My dear child,” answered the lady,
“your project is rational, and I should
“feel myself disposed to second it. I
“should think I was doing a good work
“in that; but I must know you first.”

She

She resumed after a short pause ; “ Have
 “ you in view any particular convent ? ”
 I proposed to her that of the *Benedictines* ;
 it was positively the one where *Julie* was.

“ That is as good as another,” rejoined
 she, “ I know somebody there ; I might
 “ be able to recommend you. Besides,
 “ the board would not be very dear
 “ there : as for the rest, we will talk of
 “ that to-morrow more at our ease. It
 “ is late, we must repose ourselves. —

“ *Jeanneton*,” said she to her *femme de*
chambre, “ *Mademoiselle* is decent, and
 appears well born ; “ you would have
 “ no objection to lend her half your bed
 “ for this night ? ” *Jeanneton* expressed
 the greatest good will in the world :
 “ And you, *Mademoiselle*,” said her mis-
 tress to me, “ You would have no re-
 “ pugnance to sleep with her ? ” *Jean-*
neton was fresh and inviting : I replied
 that I should consider myself honoured
 by such a kindness.

We

We went to bed; in the twinkling of an eye I was undressed; I slipped into bed. I pressed against my heart my charming companion, and felt myself all on fire; but I reflected that if the smallest indiscretion should escape me, I should be undone. I therefore had the resolution to contain myself, to sleep with a pretty girl, and be prudent, contenting myself with giving her a few kisses, which she returned with great affection. She made me chatter all night long, and overwhelmed me with a deluge of questions, to which I answered what I chose.

We rose rather early in the morning. In dressing myself, I told to my bed-fellow, to apologize for my short hair, that I had worn the veil a few months, in quality of novice. As I had had my gown torn, in struggling with the master of the house, the mistress had another
very

very neat one given me, with the rest of the dress. I was not sorry for that, because if I had appeared at *Julie's* convent in the dress in which I had made my escape, I should have been afraid of the Prior's giving a description of my person at that convent.

I found myself tolerably well dressed; and I heard my benefactress say to *Jean-neton*: "She is a tall girl with a pretty good face. Her physiognomy pleases me; she has a *je ne sais quoi* that is frank and open, which quite charms me." This good lady redoubled her kindness to me. She perceived, by my conversation, that I understood Latin, and that my understanding was much more cultivated than a girl's is in general. You have received an excellent education," said she to me; "you must be of a distinguished rank."

“Madam,” answered I, “I have no
 “need to blush at my birth; but since
 “I must conceal something from a lady
 “like yourself, which costs me very dear,
 “I ought at least to tell you the reason
 “of this reserve. I cannot declare to
 “you my name, because my father has
 “a sentence of death existing against
 “him, he is soliciting his pardon: but
 “he is obliged to conceal himself; I
 “should perhaps expose his life, if I de-
 “clared who I am: and the daughter
 “unveiled, would give birth to the hope
 “of discovering the father.”

The lady agreed that this reason was
 sacred. I added: “Reflect besides,
 “Madam, that were I a girl who had
 “any indirect intentions, I should not
 “wish to be shut up in a convent; I
 “should only endeavour to return into
 “the street, where your husband met
 “with me.”——“You are right,” re-
 plied

plied the lady; "I shall take care of you;
"I think you have merit. When it is
"time, I will try to reconcile you with
"your father; and I will take you, after
"dinner, to the convent which you
"have mentioned."

The dinner bell was rung: I found
myself at table opposite the husband,
who hardly ventured to lift up his eyes
on me; for his wife being chaste and res-
pectable, kept in awe this old debauchee.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

"I think you have merit. When it is
time, I will try to reconcile you with
your father, and I will take you, after
dinner, to the convent which you
have mentioned."

The dining-room : I found
myself and my husband,
who had ventured to lift up his eyes
on me; for his wife being deaf and not
perceptive, was in the kitchen.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.